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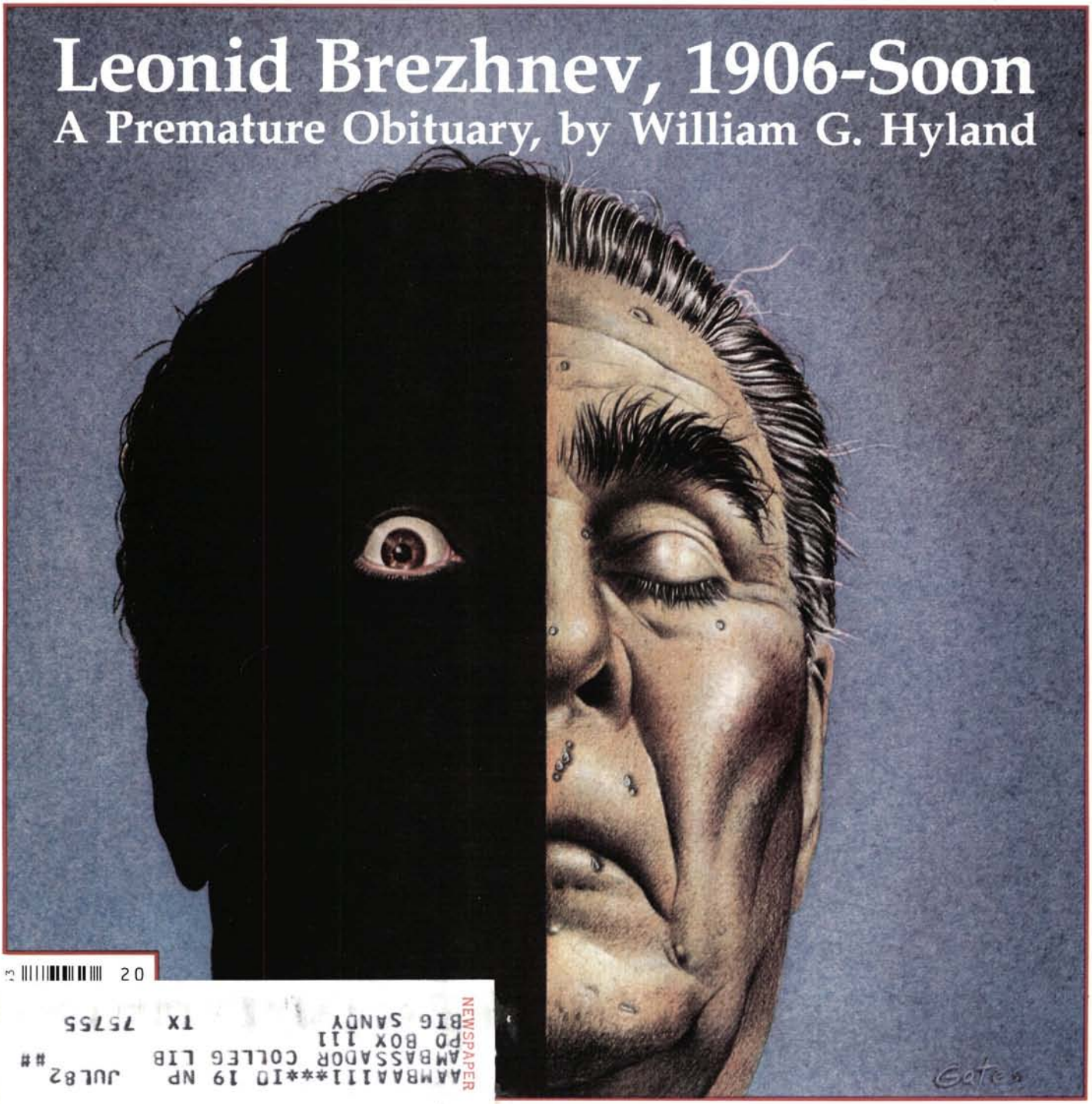

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

FOUNDED 1914 — ISSUE 3,514

WASHINGTON, D.C. — MAY 19, 1982

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 186, Number 20, Issue 3,514, May 19, 1982. Published weekly (except the weeks of January 13, July 21, August 18, and September 22) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising: (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising: (212) 682-4500. Single copy, $1.50; yearly subscriptions, $32; foreign, $39; students, $18. © 1982 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.**

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

White House Briefing

It's the briefing room at the White House. Larry Speakes, the amiable press officer, will be out with us soon. The room is like a small movie theater in pastels, lectern in front, six seats to a row, nine rows deep. A couple of movie cameras in the back are on stilts. The seats have nameplates for individual reporters, an extraordinary formality in contrast with those ancient rough-and-tumble days of Steve Early when he used to brief us on the New Deal, or when we stood around FDR's mascot-littered desk in the Oval Office. Well, things have indeed changed: at this point in FDR's Presidency he had had one hundred press conferences (two a week) whereas Ronald Reagan has had nine (if you don't count the Rose Garden quickies, or the "Hi-ya, fellows!" on the way to the helicopter).

"The regular daily press conference briefing is about to begin!" squawks the amplifier, like somebody announcing a train, and reporters fill the seats and line the walls. Through the open door sunlight splashes the lawn outside. A press release to start with, recalling that June 14 is "Flag Day," and that Congress, on June 9, 1966, ordered the President every year to issue a proclamation. So here goes: "Now, therefore, I, Ronald Reagan. . . ."

Washington is full of historical antitheses like that; it has been so ever since Pennsylvania Avenue first connected two governmental villages as a "streak of mud newly cut through woods and alder swamps." Representative Henry Reuss, the able chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, lapsed into the historic idiom the other day: Congress should defy the President, he said: "We shall be celebrating June 15. In 1215 the barons of England, frustrated at a ruler who combined great personal charm with a maximum of selfishness and obstinacy, came to King John at Runnymede, bearing the Magna Carta. King John signed, though he immediately, as the historian reports, 'threw himself upon the ground in a fit of impotent rage, gnawing at sticks and bits of straw.' " All Reuss wanted Congress to do was to tell Reagan that the proposed third tax cut is repealed.

Reagan's popularity has been declining in the opinion polls, and he seems to be reaching out for support to some of the loyal groups that supported him in his rise to the Presidency. Candidate Reagan repeatedly promised to support a constitutional amendment for school prayer. At the 1980 convention in Detroit, the Republican Party left no doubt about the matter. "Next year, a Republican White House will assist, not sabotage, Congressional efforts to enact tuition tax relief into law," the platform said. And it declared, "We support Republican initiatives in the Congress to restore the right of individuals to participate in voluntary, nondenominational prayer in schools and other public facilities."

Ronald Reagan is one of the most consistent men ever elected President. In Chicago the other day he promised to submit to Congress this spring legislation for tuition tax credits for parents who send their children to private and parochial schools. So there you have it; it is now 1982 and Reagan is about to deliver. But any proposal touching religion, however innocent or laudable in motive, evokes a strong emotional response. If Congress passes the measure, it will almost certainly go to the Supreme Court for review. The Court ruled in 1962, and again in 1963, that recital of an official prayer by public school pupils is an "establishment of religion" forbidden by the First Amendment. No one knows how the new Court will rule. The tuition tax credit battle is apt to be around for a long time.

Reagan already has one major constitutional pot on the stove: the proposal he made on April 29 for "a constitutional amendment to require balanced federal budgets." This looks to me like a nonstarter. People ask: rather than enact an amendment to require a balanced budget, why doesn't the government just balance the budget itself in the first place? Most efforts to write a text for such a requirement produce loosely worded formulas that could almost certainly be evaded. It is hard to take this proposal very seriously.

All this time the dreadful war continues in the Falklands, and it has seemed almost obscene to carry on a business-as-usual attitude here. Will man destroy the Earth for reasons as inadequate as those which caused the Falklands crisis? An ancient grievance over a frozen wilderness, a crude act of aggression set off by a junta seeking to aggrandize itself, a knee-jerk response by the injured party: that's how wars start. But now we have nuclear arms. It is preposterous and tragic, a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera written in blood. As a reporter finishes his column at night, the UPI ticker rings with a bulletin: "An Argentine warplane sank the British destroyer Sheffield Tuesday with a single missile and 30 sailors were feared dead. . . ." That answers the British torpedoing of the Argentine cruiser General Belgrano. The world shudders; the superpowers are alert. This is what Wilson's League of Nations was supposed to prevent way back in 1918, when boys enlisted "to make the world safe for democracy." It is what the United Nations is supposed to prevent. The global arms budget in 1980 was $550 billion a year, "the expenditure equal to the annual income of the poorest half of the world population," according to the Arms Control Association in its 1981 report. By now the figure is a lot bigger. Russia and the United States are the chief arms merchants to the world. The drama develops in far off Antarctica just as the United States is going through its first really deep antinuclear emotion. "We drowse our way to the end of the world," Jonathan Schell concludes in *The Fate of the Earth*. One day, and it is hard to believe it will not be soon, we will make our choice.

Back at the White House Larry Speakes's briefing conference breaks up. It's all very humdrum and conventional, and at the end we are out again in the dazzling day, walking across Lafayette Park with the sunshine around us. "It is too lovely a world for extinction," remarks somebody with a sigh.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MAY 19, 1982

MORAL DEFICIT

When the much-heralded bipartisan budget negotiations broke off last week, with nothing in sight except ever more gigantic deficits, Ronald Reagan reached for the one political tool that had never let him down: a television camera. His prime-time speech was instructive. In the early months of his term, when he was moving from one legislative triumph to another, the President could portray himself, quite believably, as the California Lochinvar who would set things straight in wicked, exhausted Washington. A year later, he has become another grubby player in the game of government. His speech, most of which consisted of a numbing, number-studded account of the budget talks, was what people in Washington call "inside baseball." (The Democratic reply, by Representative Richard Bolling of Missouri, was even more so; when Mr. Bolling said that the Reagan program had "hurt a lot of people's feelings," it turned out he meant not hungry schoolchildren or jobless steelworkers, but his fellow politicians, who "were very upset by having their prerogatives as committee chairmen taken away from them.") All the same, a lot of Mr. Reagan's old magic was still there—the wry smile, the deft oversimplification—and so was a remnant of his old supply-side faith. "I believe we should have less spending, less taxes," he said, "and more prosperity." Much more prosperity of the current type, though, and the country will find itself in the midst of a full-scale depression. The economic reality is that the President's recovery program is a flop, and the political reality (which the drama of the summit meeting with Speaker O'Neill was partly designed to obscure) is that the President's budget is unacceptable not only to the Democrats but to a large and growing segment of his own party.

In his speech, Mr. Reagan, with uncharacteristic petulance, described himself and the country as the victims of a stubborn Democratic refusal to compromise. This is far from being the case. The budget Mr. Reagan submitted in February had foundered almost immediately in the Republican Senate. Reaganomics, which originally posited a $23-billion deficit in fiscal 1983, a balanced budget in 1984, and a surplus in 1985, now predicts deficits of $182 billion, $216 billion, and $233 billion, respectively, and this has proved to be too much for Republicans like Howard Baker and Robert Dole. The Democratic leaders of the House were under no obligation to negotiate with the President. They agreed to do so out of alarm at what the Reagan program, if unchecked, is likely to do to the economy. They have paid a political price: the very fact of the negotiations has allowed these deficits to be seen as a kind of natural disaster, to which all people of goodwill are duty bound to respond.

The deficits, however, result from acts of Congress, not acts of God—acts of Congress, moreover, that were passed at the President's behest. In any case, what Mr. Reagan was asking of the Democrats was not so much compromise as surrender. On two elements of the package under discussion, taxes and defense spending, he budged scarcely an inch; on the third, cuts in Social Security cost-of-living adjustments, he negotiated in bad faith, trying in various squalid ways to make it look as if the only proposal for reducing Social Security had come from the Democratic side. The Democrats know that something must eventually be done about the automatic growth of middle-class entitle-

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ment programs. Understandably, though, they are unwilling to take the huge political risks of doing the job alone, and are willing to share those risks only in the context of an acknowledged economic emergency. Mr. Reagan refuses to say that any such emergency exists, since that would be tantamount to admitting that something has been amiss in his stewardship of the economy. Just two days before his meeting with Mr. O'Neill, the President told the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, in reference to his economic plan, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." If Mr. Reagan wants the Democrats to cooperate with him on entitlements, he will have to do better than that in creating an atmosphere that makes it possible for them to do so.

BEYOND THE immediate maneuverings, it's worth remembering how the Administration sold the Kemp-Roth tax cuts to Congress and the country in the first place. It promised that they would generate so much business confidence so fast that the result would be an immediate and unprecedented economic boom, followed quickly by an actual increase in tax revenues. The whole society, it was said, would be lifted up—the rich, the middle class, working people, and the poor alike. As this journal argued from the beginning, it was ludicrous to expect such a result from such a program. Yet this prospect was all that distinguished the Reagan program from a raw transfer of money from the bottom to the top. Without that promised economic boom, the moral basis of Reaganomics simply collapses. Without it, there is no justification whatever for the suffering this program inflicts on the poorest, weakest, and most defenseless people in our society. The boom is nowhere to be seen, not even for the rich; the program is bankrupt, both economically and morally. The Democrats were right to give negotiation a try; they were equally right, in the end, to draw the line.

Mr. Reagan ended his televised appeal on a note of high surrealism: having given the country the biggest prospective deficits in history, he now proposes to enact a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget every year. If the President believes in a balanced budget, he should submit one; if he believes in the Constitution, he should refrain from trying to debase it. The balanced budget amendment is a breathtakingly bad idea on any number of levels. It would write a particular (and, in some years, dangerous) policy goal into a document that is about rights and processes. (If we are to have a balanced budget amendment for conservatives, why not a full employment amendment for liberals?) It would turn budget-making into a riot of gimmicks, phony revenue and spending estimates, and bogus economic assumptions. It would make the courts, which are already adjudicating too much of our politics, the final arbiters of fiscal policy. Mr. Reagan's sudden, incongruous support for this mischievous piece of constitutional tinkering is a measure of his political desperation.

NOTEBOOK

□ AFTER PUTTING something in the neighborhood of a half-billion dollars into a proposed synthetic fuels plant near Parachute, Colorado, the Exxon Corporation has decided to pull the ripcord. The cancellation won't be too jarring for Exxon's stockholders, who will float gently to earth on an airy cushion of tax write-offs. But what about the many workers and small entrepreneurs who moved to Parachute, confident in the belief that Exxon and the U.S. government (which provided loan guarantees for the project) would be as good as their word? Their fall will be much, much harder.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Put the national leaders of the Democrats in a room with the Republican leaders, and let them tell Congress what to do. For, so it was said, we faced a great crisis, to be met by nonpartisan measures, and what was needed was some force great enough to make Congress do 'its duty.' " (Editorial on the budget, "The Mob and its Leaders," May 18, 1932.)

The gaucho and the city.

STORIES OF HORSEMEN

THEY ARE MANY and they may be countless. My first story is quite modest; those that follow will lend it greater depth.

A rancher from Uruguay had bought a country establishment (I am sure this is the word he used) in the province of Buenos Aires. From Paso de los Toros, in the middle of Uruguay, he brought a horse breaker, a man who had his complete trust but was extremely shy. The rancher put the man up in an inn near the Once markets. Three days later, on going to see him, the rancher found his horseman brewing maté in his room on the upper floor. When asked what he thought of Buenos Aires, the man admitted that he had not once stuck his head out in the street.

The second story is not much different. In 1903, Aparicio Saravia staged an uprising in the Uruguayan provinces; at a certain point of the campaign, it was feared that his men might break into Montevideo. My father, who happened to be there at the time, went to ask advice of a relative of his, the historian Luis Melián Lafinur, only to be told that there was no danger "because the gaucho stands in fear of cities." In fact, Saravia's troops did change their route, and somewhat to his amazement my father found out that the study of

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history could be useful as well as pleasurable.

My third story also belongs to the oral tradition of my family. Toward the end of 1870, forces of the Entre Ríos caudillo, López Jordán, commanded by a gaucho who was called (because he had a bullet embedded in him) "El Chumbiao," surrounded the city of Paraná. One night, catching the garrison off guard, the rebels broke through the defenses and rode right around the central square, whooping like Indians and hurling insults. Then, still shouting and whistling, they galloped off. To them war was not a systematic plan of action but a manly sport.

The fourth of these stories, and my last, comes from the pages of an excellent book, *L'Empire des Steppes* (1939), by the Orientalist René Grousset. Two passages from the second chapter are particularly relevant. Here is the first:

> Genghis Khan's war against the Chin, begun in 1211, was to last—with brief periods of truce—until his death (1227), only to be finished by his successor (1234). With their mobile cavalry, the Mongols could devastate the countryside and open settlements, but for a long time they knew nothing of the art of taking towns fortified by Chinese engineers. Besides, they fought in China as on the steppe, in a series of raids, after which they withdrew with their booty, leaving the Chinese behind them to reoccupy their towns, rebuild the ruins, repair the breaches in the walls, and reconstruct the fortifications, so that in the course of that war the Mongol generals found themselves obliged to reconquer the same places two or three times.

Here is the second passage:

> The Mongols took Peking, massacred the whole population, looted the houses, and then set fire to them. The devastation lasted a month. Clearly, the nomads had no idea what to do with a great city or how to use it for the consolidation and expansion of their power. We have here a highly interesting case for specialists in human geography: the predicament of the peoples of the steppe when, without a period of transition, chance hands them old countries with an urban civilization. They burn and kill not out of sadism but because they find themselves out of their element and simply know no better.

I NOW GIVE a story that all the authorities agree upon. During Genghis Khan's last campaign, one of his generals remarked that his new Chinese subjects were of no use to him, since they were inept in war, and that, consequently, the wisest course was to exterminate them all, raze the cities, and turn the almost boundless Middle Kingdom into one enormous pasture for the Mongol horses. In this way, at least, use could be made of the land, since nothing else was of any value. The Khan was about to follow this counsel when another adviser pointed out to him that it would be more advantageous to levy taxes on the land and on goods. Civilization was saved, the Mongols grew old in the cities that they had once longed to destroy, and doubtless they ended up, in symmetrical gardens, appreciating the despised and peaceable arts of prosody and pottery.

Distant in time and space, the stories I have assembled are really one. The protagonist is eternal, and the wary ranch hand who spends three days behind a door that looks out into a backyard—although he has come down in life—is the same one who, with two bows, a lasso made of horse hair, and a scimitar, was poised to raze and obliterate the world's most ancient kingdom under the hooves of his steppe pony. There is a pleasure in detecting beneath the masks of time the eternal species of horseman and city. This pleasure, in the case of these stories, may leave the Argentine with a melancholy aftertaste, since (through Hernández's gaucho, Martín Fierro, or through the weight of our past) we identify with the horseman, who in the end is the loser. The centaurs defeated by the Lapiths; the death of the shepherd Abel at the hand of Cain, who was a farmer; the defeat of Napoleon's cavalry by British infantry at Waterloo are all emblems and portents of such a destiny.

The horseman vanishing into the distance with a hint of defeat is, in our literature, the gaucho. And so we read in *Martín Fierro*:

> Cruz y Fierro de una estancia
> una tropilla se arriaron;
> por delante se la echaron
> como criollos entendidos,
> y pronto, sin ser sentidos,
> por la frontera cruzaron.
>
> Y cuando la habían pasao,
> una madrugada clara,
> le dijo Cruz que mirara
> las últimas poblaciones;
> y a Fierro dos lagrimones
> le rodaron por la cara.
>
> Y siguiendo el fiel del rumbo
> se entraron en el desierto . . .

> From a ranch, Cruz and Fierro rounded up a herd of horses and, being practical gauchos, drove it before them. Undetected, they soon crossed over the border.
>
> After this was done, early one morning Cruz told Fierro to look back on the last settlements. Two big tears rolled down Fierro's face.
>
> Then, continuing on their course, the men set off into the wilderness . . .

And in Lugones's *El Payador*:

> In the fading twilight, turning brown as a dove's wing, we may have seen him vanish beyond the familiar hillocks, trotting on his horse, slowly, so that no one would think him afraid, under his gloomy hat and the poncho that hung from his shoulders in the limp folds of a flag at half mast.

And in *Don Segundo Sombra*:

> Still smaller now, my godfather's silhouette appeared on the slope. My eyes concentrated on that tiny movement

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CORRESPONDENCE

CRIMINAL CODES

To the editors:

Regarding TRB's column, "Handgun Mayhem" (TNR, April 21), why is it that none of you wimps who hold Japan, Canada, West Germany, and Britain in such high regard for their restrictive gun laws ever examine the ways in which their police operate?

JOHN M. LANE
Eagle Butte, South Dakota

LAMBASTING LAQUEUR

To the editors:

Walter Laqueur's review of my book, *Towards a New Cold War* (TNR, March 24), contains exactly one attempt to deal with something actually asserted in the book. Concerning the failure of binationalism in Palestine, he writes: "Quoting a friendly witness, Mr. Chomsky puts the blame on the 'Europe-oriented-Israeli leadership afraid of the Levantinization of their society.' " He then goes on to explain why this conclusion is incorrect.

The quote does not exist, though some of the phrases that appear in it do, namely, in a discussion of the views of the president of the Council of the Sephardic Community in Israel. Laqueur's lecture is quite irrelevant to the text that serves as the apparent basis for the "quote" and the fabricated allegation about "the blame" that accompanies it.

Apart from this example, Laqueur's identifiable references to the book involve several alleged errors concerning names (e.g., "Leskov" or "Laskov" in a reference to a Hebrew text where vowels are not indicated; accurate citation of a sentence from *Dissent* in which "Hoffmann" is misspelled), and a parenthetical comment that correctly cites a source that contained a misprint, namely, 53 for 13 as the number of victims of the neo-Nazi Oktoberfest massacre. In each case that he mentions, the citation from the indicated source is exact, and as Laqueur notes, perhaps with some understatment, the examples are "not necessarily of great relevance." The remainder deserves no comment.

Laqueur does, however, make one statement that might be worth pursuing, though it is totally irrelevant to the book under review. He states that new evidence has come to light "linking the Red Brigades and other terrorists with Eastern Europe via Qaddafi and the PLO." No doubt for lack of space, he failed to add that new evidence has come to light, and has been reported in Italy and Israel, linking the Red Brigades and the Israeli Mossad (and thus, by Laqueur's logic, . . .). Surely this journal, given its well-known concern over international terrorism, will want to devote an article to this topic.

NOAM CHOMSKY
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts

CUTTING REMARKS

To the editors:

Bowman Cutter's own assumptions about the budget are doubtful enough, but some of the key "facts" he relies on are simply wrong ("The Budget of Oz," TNR, March 24). Projecting an unrealistically low inflation rate, as he accuses the Administration of doing, does not reduce the projected deficit. It increases it. Cutter's own revered Congressional Budget Office estimates that if inflation runs just one percentage point higher than Reagan's budget assumes, the 1985 deficit will be cut by $49 billion.

A deficit amounting to 4 percent of the gross national product would not be "the highest since the World War II." The 1976 deficit absorbed 4.5 percent. It was also about 45 percent bigger, in real terms, than Reagan's projected 1983 deficit.

Like most critics of the Administration's budget, Cutter offers no evidence that deficits "crowd out" private investment by raising interest rates. The 1976 deficit coexisted with a 7 percent prime rate. Jimmy Carter cut the deficit from $66 billion to $27 billion between 1976 and 1979. Meanwhile, the prime rate rose to 11.5 percent. (And money was tighter in 1976 than it has been for the last six months.)

STEPHEN CHAPMAN
Chicago, Illinois

RUDE AWAKENING

To the editors:

The point that you overlook in your editorial, "Unfreeze Arms Control" (TNR, April 14), is that the American people, for some reason, are waking up from a thirty-seven year slumber and expressing their fear of a nuclear holocaust. This was not true during the consideration of SALT II, and the reason may be that the word "freeze" and its general concept is something that people can relate to. Of course the details of the Congressional freeze resolution will have to be reduced to a treaty, and this will result in something like SALT II, even if it is called by another name, such as START. The freeze concept is a legitimate means to this end.

CHARLES LAMBETH
Thomasville, North Carolina

To the editors:

In your editorial, "Unfreeze Arms Control," you present three flawed arguments against the grass-roots freeze proposal. First, you state that the freeze is not verifiable. If the freeze isn't verifiable, what arms control agreement is? Second, you claim that a freeze will "jeopardize the survivability of America's retaliatory capacity," despite the existence of America's missile-carrying submarines and the lack of a rigorous proof that Soviet ICBMs can make the trip over the North Pole and destroy *our* land-based missiles. Third, your assumption that the traditional approach to negotiations "is the only responsible way to approach arms control" seems ludicrous, especially when one contemplates the 50,000 tactical and strategic nuclear weapons that the "traditional approach" has so kindly bestowed upon the world.

In supporting the dilatory Jackson-Warner proposal, you are doing a disservice. The warheads aren't going to wait for us; disarmament must come now.

STEPHEN FROMM
Ames, Iowa

To the editors:

"Everyone is for the freeze," sighs the author of "Unfreeze Arms Control." Our simplistic, pathetic urge to stop the arms race will require the guidance of this TNR editor in correctly choosing between the bewildering array of freeze proposals which have sprung up to confuse us. I am very disappointed that THE NEW REPUBLIC has chosen to dignify the Jackson-Warner proposal as anything other than a sop being thrown out to a

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on the sleepy plain. He was about to reach the crest of the trail and vanish. He grew smaller and smaller, as if he were being whittled away from below. My gaze clung to the black speck of his hat, trying to preserve that last trace of him.

In the texts just quoted, space stands for time and history.

The figure of the man on the horse is, secretly, poignant. Under Attila, the "Scourge of God," under Genghis Khan, and under Tamerlane, the horseman tempestuously destroys and founds extensive empires, but all he destroys and founds is illusory. His work, like him, is ephemeral. From the farmer comes the word "culture" and from cities the word "civilization," but the horseman is a storm that fades away. In his book *Die Germanen der Völkerwanderung* (Stuttgart, 1939), Capelle remarks apropos of this that the Greeks, the Romans, and the Germans were agricultural peoples.

JORGE LUIS BORGES

Jorge Luis Borges is the celebrated Argentine writer. This essay was translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni. It will appear in a collection of Borges's essays to be published by E. P. Dutton in 1983.

Sunday night live.

THE ELECTRONIC KINGDOM

NED BEATTY was so convincing as the Reverend Freddie Stone in ABC's movie, "Pray TV," that when Stone, a dead ringer for Pat Robertson of "The 700 Club," asked troubled viewers to dial the 800 number on their screens, some 15,000 of them actually did so. The real video evangelists get many more thousands of such calls each week, and some take in tens of millions of dollars a year in donations from their viewers. Electronic preachers now transmit the Good News full-time over three independent Christian broadcasting networks, thirty-five nonprofit TV stations, and a multitude of radio stations. Viewers who prefer to take their fire and brimstone with a spoonful of sugar can flip to Christian spin-offs of secular programming: testimonial talk shows, born-again variety shows, scrambled-scripture quiz shows, redemptive soap operas, or prophesying pep talks. They can choose their preachers from a range of rhetorical stylists: charmers, confiders, shouters, weepers, jokers, logicians, healers.

Over the years—ever since the first regular religious broadcasts were aired in 1922 on Chicago evangelist Paul Rader's station, WJBT ("Where Jesus Blesses Thousands")—there have been many rags-to-tabernacles success stories. Oral Roberts, once a tubercular stutterer, parlayed a portable revival tent and a healing hand into an electronic ministry and a hospital as tall as the seven-story Jesus who appeared to him one night in a dream vision. Jim Bakker, the son of a factory worker, began as a puppeteer and became the misty-eyed host of "The PTL Club," the chief attraction of the Heritage U.S.A. retreat in South Carolina, and president of the PTL (Praise The Lord) Network. Robert Schuller, of the "Hour of Power," began preaching atop the refreshment stand in an Orange County drive-in movie theater, and now speaks from a cheery sunlit pulpit in a monumental high-tech cathedral.

THE MOST FAMOUS of all parvenu preachers, of course, is Jerry Falwell, the son of an alcoholic wastrel, who began his ministry in a Donald Duck bottling plant and ended up as preacher of the hour in 1980: orator of the "Old Time Gospel Hour," spokesman for the Moral Majority, butt of Johnny Carson jokes, and self-proclaimed kingmaker of conservative evangelicalism.

It was Falwell who moved religious broadcasting from a subculture sideshow into the political Big Top. He practically owned the 1981 National Religious Broadcasters convention, held only days after Ronald Reagan's inauguration. At the accompanying Congressional Prayer Breakfast, nearly a hundred members of Congress came to praise God and pay tribute to Falwell, who glowed like a prophet fulfilled. Electronic preachers and conservative politicians alike looked forward to a born-again America of prayerful schools, plentiful armaments, and chastened humanists. The only discouraging word came from keynote speaker Billy Graham, who warned of the dangers involved when preachers hang around with politicians, a lesson he had learned the hard way from Richard Nixon. (Graham has raised his political involvement to a higher plane: he now campaigns for arms control.)

But a year later the "disciplined, charging army" of conservative evangelicalism was being threatened on several fronts. Moderate evangelicals and liberal mainline Protestants had begun to mobilize their constituencies and to sponsor their own media programs. The new Arkansas statute granting creationism equal billing with evolution in science classrooms had been overturned, its proponents practically laughed out of the courtroom. Moreover, it had become evident that the coalition between the religious right and the secular right was a marriage of convenience, not of compatibility. Ronald Reagan had left his frumpy moral agenda to stew in the kitchen while he squired his more glamorous economic program around town. He had flouted Falwell in appointing Sandra O'Connor to the Supreme Court, and he had flinched in the controversy over tax-exempt status for segregated Christian

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schools. Worse, the popular appeal of the Electronic Kingdom seemed to be waning. There were charges from the secular networks, and from sociologists and pollsters that the viewing audience for the video evangelists (a claimed 130 million) had been grossly exaggerated and was now steadily decreasing.

COMPARED TO the heady, near-unanimous sense of triumph that infused the religious broadcasters' 1981 summit meeting, the 1982 session, held at the Sheraton-Washington Hotel in mid-February, had the routine, if competitive, air of a business convention. This year's convention was not held in conjunction with the National Association of Evangelicals, and the record turnout of 2,800 participants seemed more concerned with ratings and FCC rulings than with the perils of secular humanism. Only a smattering of the people's representatives—including Senators Jesse Helms and Alan Cranston—showed up for the Congressional prayer breakfast. Falwell himself held only a brief press conference, and appeared uncharacteristically subdued. Controversial issues and the views of the ornery fringe were aired in small conference sessions and press conferences rather than in main plenary sessions. Senator Roger Jepsen, co-sponsor of the omnibus Family Protection Bill (which includes a provision for removing federal funds for aid to battered wives), was given his plaque at a session for broadcasters' wives. Only when the theme of the besieged family was raised did meetings even begin to approach the consensus of an amen corner.

Before leading a plenary session in the song "We Are All One Flock," singer Doug Oldham observed, "We come here with so many doctrinal differences we could get into a fistfight." An attempt was made to talk about unity of purpose without sounding ecumenical, but it was not wholly successful. Although the event was advertised as a "forum on the family," and its members addressed each other in warm fraternal terms, it became increasingly apparent that this particular family had its share of sibling rivalry. Mississippi Methodist Donald Wildmon of the Coalition for Better Television announced a spring boycott against sponsors of offensive TV shows, although Jerry Falwell had declared only the day before that the Moral Majority was temporarily satisfied with the networks' efforts to mop up the dirt in their shows. Wildmon, who dutifully acted out his media image of the wide-eyed country boy by claiming he had had to borrow a pair of shoes in order to come to the big city of Washington, accused the networks not only of sins of commission, but of signs of omission, neglecting to characterize Christians in any other way than the stereotypical Reverend Steadfast in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," who stashed his whiskey in a hollowed-out Bible.

Some NRB participants appeared to have heeded Billy Graham's warning about politics. Rex Humbard, the veteran broadcaster who was presented by the NRB with its Award of Merit, told a reporter that he was no expert in politics; for him, as a simple small-town preacher, to get involved in politics would be like "a blacksmith trying to pull a tooth." Similarly, many preachers, including Jim Bakker of "The PTL Club," have begun to shy away from politics and to concentrate on building their own kingdoms on earth.

Other NRB speakers, like Dallas firebrand James Robison, the darling of Texas millionaires, warned against debasing the gospel with entertainment—a charge that could apply to Humbard, who brings a kind of country politician glitter to his programs, or to Jim Bakker, who features born-again singers, comedians, and magicians on his show. Even Billy Graham's traditional "Hour of Decision" has revamped its format and included interviews with Christian newsmakers and "contemporary Christian music" in addition to old-fashioned hymns. Certainly the charge would apply to Pat Robertson, whose daily "700 Club" was broadcast live from the Sheraton-Washington ballroom on the second night of the convention. The program has changed its format from a Christianized "Tonight Show" into a combination of "60 Minutes" and "Dinah's Place," where commentators do on-the-scene reporting, and guests in the studio share their faith as well as their recipes.

ANOTHER disputed issue was the great ratings-and-revenue discrepancy. According to a recent study by the Television Information Office, the ten most popular religious shows have been losing viewers at an annual rate of 6.6 percent. Falwell responded at his press conference with the same argument he had used that morning on NBC's "Today" show. Vowing that he would conduct his own ratings survey, he affirmed that the revenues of the "Old Time Gospel Hour" had increased in 1981 to $70 million from a previous high of $56 million, and the volume of mail had increased by a third. (This information would interest those viewers who had given generous donations after receiving urgently worded fundraising letters.)

One principle that everyone agreed upon was the broadcasters' need for high tech. In the vast exhibition halls of the Sheraton-Washington, a number of secular and religious organizations had set out their wares. Preachers could buy broadcast towers and tours to the Holy Land, transmission lines, and metallic nativity scenes. They could even buy a computer that would help them "contact their Soul in minutes, and have a computer printout of the communication." Or, more practically, for nearly the same price, they could buy an ESP (Electronic Signature Production) computer that would replicate their signatures on solicitation letters at the rate of 400 to 700 per hour—in fresh ink.

On the last day of the convention, the Roundtable sponsored a prayer breakfast for Israel during which the theme from Exodus was played, bagels were

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served, and "God Bless America" was sung by a blind Korean war orphan. A surprise guest was Bailey Smith, president of the Southern Baptist Convention. The man "who had fired a shot that went all the way to Israel" (in the words of Ed McAteer) apparently had come to rectify his notorious statement that "God does not hear the prayer of a Jew." Smith told of his recent trip with a group of rabbis to the Holy Land, where he stayed in a kibbutz and "wept as we toured the Holocaust Center." There were in fact many tears shed at that meeting as evangelicals and Jews recalled their common heritage.

Only Ronald Reagan's brief appearance at the convention stirred as strong an emotional response. As the crowd of 3,500 awaited the President's arrival, they sang the chorus to "Alleluia," the new evangelicals' theme song: "He is coming, He is coming." If they were disappointed to get him instead of Him, they didn't show it. Differences were swept away in the excitement of the moment. The President came in the guise of Reverend Reagan of the bully pulpit, chaplain of the economy. He retold the parable of the Good Samaritan with a new punchline: the concerned citizen aided the stricken victim himself, instead of running down the road to ask a caseworker for help.

Calling up the "sublime" image of George Washington on his knees in prayer at Valley Forge, the President said ominously, "Maybe it's later than we think"—a warning guaranteed to tingle the spines of pre-millennialists. He concluded with the slightly modified verse from St. Paul quoted so often by football coaches: "We have fought a good fight, we have finished our course, we have kept the faith."

If Reagan the evangelist had extended the traditional invitation for converts to walk down the aisle, many of the believers present would have made their way to the foot of the podium. But not all of the broadcasters who have "kept the faith" have kept it in the same way, nor are all engaged in the same battle. Some are content, like Rex Humbard, to win souls the old-fashioned way, with a little glitter and a little brimstone. Some, like Jim Bakker, claim to have banished partisan politics from the pulpit. And some, like Billy Graham, have learned to heed that other athletic passage from St. Paul: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Even in the Electronic Kingdom, one must be careful of one's political alliances.

CAROL FLAKE

Carol Flake is the arts editor for the *Boston Phoenix* and is writing a book on evangelical Christians.

The American House of Saud: Part II.

THE ARAMCO CONNECTION

BY STEVEN EMERSON

Over the past fifteen years, four American oil companies have conducted a surreptitious multimillion-dollar campaign to manipulate American public opinion and foreign policy on the Middle East. Dozens of individuals and political organizations, and even a number of elite academic institutions, have received over $4,000,000 to promote what one oil executive calls "pro-Arab understanding" and to weaken sympathy for Israel among the American public. The four oil companies are Exxon, Standard Oil of California (SoCal), Mobil, and Texaco. They administered the funding through their privately held consortium, Aramco, the Arabian American Oil Company. The campaign began sometime after the June 1967 war at the urging of the government of Saudi Arabia and has operated in collusion with key Saudi officials ever since.

At first Aramco limited its funding largely to pro-Arab fringe groups. But in recent years it has extended its financial influence-seeking to establishment institutions, including some of the nation's most prestigious universities. According to law enforcement experts, the Aramco program may constitute a violation of the Foreign Agents Registration Act, which requires that people engaged in certain political and public relations activities on behalf of

Steven Emerson, a former staff member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is writing a book on petrodollar influence in the United States. This investigation, the second in a series, has been based on secret oil company documents, confidential IRS tax returns, and interviews with officials of oil companies, governments, and universities.

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foreigners register at the Department of Justice.

When asked about Aramco's secret political funding operation, an Aramco official said that "Aramco has *never* participated in any such campaign . . . to manipulate American public opinion on the Middle East." The four oil companies, some of whose officials were involved in devising the program and all of whom had to approve the donations, would not comment.

According to an Aramco source, Aramco created a special funding category after the 1967 Arab-Israeli War. The funds were used, in the words of an internal Aramco document, "to assist programs to disseminate balanced, objective, and accurate information about the situation in the Middle East which led to the displacement of the Palestinians from their homeland and occupation of Arab land including Arab Jerusalem." But senior oil company officials say that the purpose of the program was to create an impression of broad and indigenously based popular support for the Arab view and to subvert Congressional, Administration, and public backing for Israel.

The decisions about who received the funds were made by Aramco's "donations committee," on which several Saudi officials served. Recipients were chosen, says a former participant, "which could fan out and on an economic basis give us a multiplier on the whole Arab image program in the U.S." Aramco's board of directors, composed of officials from each of the four parent oil companies, Aramco officials, and several Saudi officials, including Sheik Yamani, approved the donations program. According to Aramco sources, the chairmen of Exxon, SoCal, Texaco, and Mobil also personally approved the plans for the capital budget, which included the funding program.

THE OIL COMPANIES' enthusiasm for this plan is explained in the statement of a former official of Aramco: "It amounted to the price of doing business in the Kingdom." The special donations program was the product partly of "being told what to do by the Saudis" and partly of independent initiatives "taken to please the Saudis." Aramco, said this executive, had only one interest in mind, "to retain the [oil] concession." He said, "When somebody like the King would call me in and express his dismay or inability to do what he thought we ought to do, we had to respond to this request in some way or at least show that we were interested in their aspirations." Catering to Saudi Arabia's desire to alter American foreign policy, he said, was legitimate and proper. The executive saw nothing wrong with funding groups linked to the PLO or even with making secret arrangements with American universities that impinged upon academic integrity: "American policy was damaging our business, damaging American interests. What we had to do in the long run—really what the Saudis had to do—was to get general public understanding. And, then, at the same time, if asked by the Saudis, 'What are you doing?' We could point to these programs." Would doing nothing have been considered hostile by the Saudis? "Yes. To me, it's a question of enlightened self-interest."

Why was Aramco chosen to dispense the funds rather than the oil companies themselves? Owing to particularly generous U.S. tax rulings affecting Saudi oil, Aramco does not need to claim any contributions as tax deductions on its income tax returns. But more importantly, most Americans have never even heard of Aramco, and those who have heard of it probably think of it as an Arab company. Its main offices are in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, and the four oil companies that form its shareholders deliberately maintain its low profile. In the past four years, Saudi Arabia has purchased Aramco's physical assets. Yet Aramco remains a distinctly American corporation, staffed by the four American giants, which own all of its stock.

ARAMCO WAS formed in the 1930s, when American oil companies obtained the right to pump and sell Saudi oil. From its inception, Aramco has shown a subservience to Saudi needs and political demands unprecedented in international American corporate relations. When the Multinational Corporation Subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee investigated the oil companies in 1974-1975, it uncovered a series of actions taken at Saudi demand and designed to manipulate American public opinion. Subpoenaed documents disclosed that after prodding from Saudi leaders, the oil companies placed pro-Saudi advertisements in the *New York Times*, wrote stockholders asking for an "even-handed" American Middle East policy, and lobbied key U.S. officials. In addition to revealing how the companies acquiesced to Saudi demands, the hearings showed that the Saudis viewed American businesses as appendages of their own government. During the October 1973 war, the oil companies provided Saudi Arabia with information about the source of oil supplies to the U.S. military, thus enabling the embargo to be expanded beyond its original scope.

Oil company officials repeatedly denied at the time that they had engaged in other political activities on behalf of Saudi Arabia. But, in fact, through Aramco, the four oil companies had been sponsoring the political activities of a broad network of surrogates, and have continued to do so to this day.

According to oil company sources, Aramco initially focused on groups based in Beirut. These included the Fifth of June Society, the Arab Women's Information Committee, and the Lebanese Association for Information on Palestine (which eventually supplanted the first two groups). Aramco contributed over $200,000 to these organizations. Several of these Arab groups were associated with the PLO, one of which is the Institute for Palestine Studies. Set up in 1965, IPS describes itself as an "independent, non-profit Arab research organi-

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zation, not affiliated with any government, political party or group." Yet, as one State Department official said, it is known as "the unofficial academic wing of the PLO." It is rigidly hostile to Israel and is a major organ of PLO thinking and propaganda. Its quarterly, *Journal of Palestine Studies*, is widely read at the Department of State and in U.S. universities. Aramco officials said they were especially attracted to IPS's efforts that focused on regaining Jerusalem—an issue in which the Saudis have expressed an intense political interest. Company records and sources indicate that Aramco has contributed at least $75,000 to IPS.

Americans for Justice in the Middle East was formed after the 1967 war by a handful of Americans at the American University of Beirut. Unlike IPS, which had been solidly established before Aramco started its contributions, AJME was teetering on the brink of collapse until Aramco became its patron. Between 1967 and 1980, Aramco has contributed at least $120,000 to finance these activities. As a result, AJME expanded its political activities. Its monthly newsletter, *AJME News*, is mailed to an estimated 15,000 American citizens and officials. According to a recent newsletter, the group is concerned with "Zionism's virulent 30-year campaign of hate and vindictiveness." As reasons for Aramco's support of AJME, an Aramco document mentions that AJME sponsors an annual "peace rally" in Lebanon, protesting American policy; sends letters and telegrams to members of Congress and to Administration officials; and provides briefings to visiting American journalists.

DESPITE THEIR funding of the Lebanese-based groups, oil company officials remained under pressure to ensure that American audiences would hear criticism of Israel. In response, the oil companies began to direct their attention to American organizations that they knew would be willing to promote their cause. Recipients included the Middle East Institute (at least $150,000); the American Near East Refugee Aid, an American relief group for Palestinians ($250,000); and the Association of Arab American University Graduates ($200,000). The United Nations Relief and Works Agency, which provides humanitarian assistance to Palestinian refugees, received donations from Aramco for production of films about the refugee problem. Yet Aramco was still seeking an organization it could fully control. In 1975 the *Washington Post* disclosed that in 1968 Aramco had created a nonprofit organization, Americans for Middle East Understanding. According to oil company and IRS documents, AMEU continues to receive its principal funding from oil companies and foreign sources, such as Libya, Saudi businesses, and the Arab League.

In the fourteen years of its existence, AMEU has evolved into a major organization within the Arab lobby. It publishes a bimonthly newsletter, the *Link*, which has a mailing list of some 50,000, including clergy, libraries, universities, academics, businesspeople, high school teachers, State Department officials, and members of Congress and their staffs. References to Israel are highly critical, focusing on charges of "human rights violations," denial of academic freedom, and "intransigent" policies. References to the Arab world stress only the positive, such as a recent story, "Jordan Steps Forward," which prompted Jordanian Airlines to purchase 10,000 copies.

During and after the October 1973 war, AMEU sent mailgrams to dozens of college presidents, urging them to "weigh very carefully all actions and words in support of Israel." The mailgram stated that "many Arabs [are] convinced that Congress is under Zionist control," and charged that "America's partisan news media and huge sums spent on vicious forms of advertising by Israeli sympathizers contribute to alienation among Arabs." In another mailing during the 1973 Arab oil boycott, AMEU sent brochures in support of the Arab view to gas station owners and the trucking industry.

Asked about the sources of his funding, AMEU's executive director John F. Mahoney said he would not release the information, which he considered confidential. He said that Aramco has contributed "substantial sums, but there are no strings attached. All we do is send them accountability reports." AMEU vice president Henry G. Fischer, a former curator of Egyptology at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, said that Aramco has provided money but that "it wasn't enough." He added that "AMEU does not take any foreign money." But according to oil company and tax records, AMEU received $850,000 of the $1.6 million it raised between 1968 and 1980 from Aramco, a total of 53 percent of its funding.

From 1977 through 1980, Aramco's contributions were maintained at $75,000 annually. Documents reveal that other aggregate annual contributions above $5,000 to AMEU included: Fluor Corporation, Marathon Oil, American Independent Oil, the Arab Information Center (a registered foreign agent for the Arab League), Ambassador Amin Hilmy of the Arab League, Libya, the Muslim World League (an organization funded by Saudi Arabia), Fayez Sayegh (a member of Kuwait's Foreign Ministry and widely credited with drafting the 1975 U.N. resolution equating Zionism with racism), Robert Marsh (a consultant to Saudi businesses), and United Saudi Industries, a Saudi-owned company.

IN THE PROCESS of broadening its campaign, Aramco has formed some curious alliances. One such alliance was with the National Council of Churches. A bitter critic of multinationals, NCC accepted money from Aramco to expand the circulation of a special Middle East newsletter, SWASIA, which included articles critical of Israeli policies. Aramco officials justified the donation to SWASIA in internal

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documents on the grounds that "it would present a balanced and factual picture on the Palestine problem."

Another strange Aramco beneficiary has been Alfred Lilienthal, a self-described "progressive." Lilienthal is well known in the United States and in the Arab world as an American Jew who supports the Arab cause. He has written several books criticizing the role of "Zionists" and excoriating them and the American government for supporting Israel. Lilienthal publishes a monthly newsletter, *Middle East Perspective*, which has an estimated circulation of 7,500. According to oil company sources and documents, Lilienthal has received at least $20,000 from Aramco, the purpose of which, says an internal Aramco document, is to "support and increase the circulation of [his] newsletter." When contacted, Lilienthal said he did not receive any contributions from Aramco, but that it has purchased large numbers of copies, which could "account for annual receipts of over $5,000."

IN ADDITION, Aramco has funded activities in the U.S. academic world as a way of advancing the Arab cause. A major recipient of Aramco's largesse has been Ragaei El Mallakh, a professor of economics at the University of Colorado. El Mallakh is well known in American academic circles for his knowledge about international energy and economics. He is also known for his defense of OPEC's pricing policies and his criticism of American support of Israel. Aramco allocated substantial sums to two programs with which he was associated. One was a political lobbying group, the American Committee for Justice in the Middle East. The other was an academic center affiliated with the University of Colorado. The Aramco donations, supplemented by additional support from Exxon and Texaco, have helped create a university base for pro-Arab, Saudi, oil company, and OPEC views.

ACJME, which was disbanded in 1978, published dozens of well-researched special reports, placed advertisements in American newspapers, sponsored conferences, lobbied members of Congress, and provided testimony to Republican and Democratic national platform committees. ACJME argued for a cutoff of all aid to Israel and a realignment with the Arab nations. Aramco was kept fully informed of the group's activities, and provided $10,000 a year over several years for what an Aramco document calls its "active protests" against one-sided American military assistance in the Middle East.

In 1973, Aramco helped El Mallakh establish the International Research Center for Energy and Economic Development at the University of Colorado. Oil sources indicate that over the past nine years Aramco has made annual contributions of at least $10,000 to this program. An Aramco document calls it "the Middle East Economics Program at the University of Colorado," and calls El Mallakh "one of the most effective Arab spokesmen on the American scene." Aramco noted that El Mallakh's "writings have appeared in high school textbooks used by an estimated 10 to 14 million students."

In addition to the Aramco funding, Exxon has given at least $30,000 to El Mallakh's research center. When asked why it provided this financial support, a spokeswoman for Exxon said that the company's "modest support" went to "assist in research and publication on activities on energy and economics. We believe the Center provides objective and useful material on these subjects."

When a university spokesman was asked about the "Middle East Economics Program" at the University of Colorado, he said that no such official university program existed. He said that El Mallakh operated an independent research center from his campus office, which published a semiannual journal, the *Journal of Energy and Development*, but that the university did not provide any funding or any other kind of support.

El Mallakh at first denied he had received any money from Aramco. But he refused to answer any more questions, claiming they were "Zionist." Later he called back and acknowledged that he received Aramco money, insisting that it was unrestricted and did not affect the courses he taught.

HOWEVER, the center's research papers have figured prominently in various courses. In addition, conferences organized by the center have taken place at the university, and the *Journal* states that it is issued "under the auspices of the International Research Center for Energy and Economic Development and the University of Colorado." The *Journal* has published articles from international professionals, including OPEC officials, energy experts supportive of OPEC, oil company officials, and even public officials such as then-Representative David Stockman (before he became a Cabinet member.) The center frequently sponsors conferences that feature high-ranking OPEC officials (one held in March included presentations by an aide to Sheik Yamani and a former secretary general of OPEC), affording OPEC a prestigious (and officially nonpartisan) public relations outlet in the United States.

Aramco has taken a bolder approach at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. Oil company records and sources suggest that Aramco may have exerted influence over the material used in a course on the Middle East that was taught for eight years, "The Arabian Peninsula: Government and Politics." Aramco contributed over $120,000 between 1973 and 1980 to cover the costs of the course. According to documents, Aramco officials were pleased with the course both for its "accurate information" and its "concentration on Saudi Arabia." One document pointed out that "SAIS has special significance in being located in Washington, and in having many govern-

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ment leaders attending its courses."

According to sources at SAIS, Aramco lobbied specifically to retain Professor John Duke Anthony, who taught the course from 1973 to 1980, when his rotating nontenured position expired. It is currently being taught by a different professor, and university records indicate that the curriculum has been entirely revamped. Anthony is now a consultant and maintains an office at SAIS. In the past year, he has been involved in other pro-Saudi projects funded by Saudi Arabia and major corporations. He has participated as a college lecturer as part of the Saudi-supported Duke University Center for Islamic and Arabian Studies and prepared the curriculum guide for the recent PBS documentary, "Saudi Arabia."

A spokeswoman for Johns Hopkins said that Aramco, as well as many other corporate and noncorporate donors, has made substantial contributions to SAIS. "But," she insisted, "donors are not allowed to make strings-attached contributions. No contributions can be designated for specific courses. That is university policy." She said that the receipts from Aramco showed designations for the "Middle East Program"—which covers many courses—or "general purpose" use. Anthony did not return repeated phone calls.

Aramco's willingness to promote Saudi interests has set an example which other corporations have followed. U.S. and oil company officials estimate that sponsorship of activities in the Arab lobby by major oil, construction, engineering, and other companies that have business connections in the Middle East may have exceeded $15 million over the past nine years.

MOREOVER, there no longer seems to be a need for secret funding of university programs with a pro-Arab bias. In some universities, American students are being openly fed a diet of corporate-influenced pro-Arab curricula. Dozens of institutions have accepted Arab and American oil money. Subtle shifts have taken place in the curricula, and more chairs have been endowed for Arabian Studies. And at least in one case, at Duke University, Saudi Arabia and various U.S. corporations have created an entire program.

The Duke University Program for Islamic and Arabian Studies originated in 1978. Saudi Arabia provided it with $200,000 in seed money and has since given another $400,000. According to a 1978 internal Duke memo, "out of ninety American universities" that requested Saudi aid, the Duke program was only one of three to receive it. The Duke program has been swamped with donations from companies such as Aramco (one of its few publicly disclosed donations in the U.S.), Bechtel, East-West Foundation (Robert Fluor's organization), Exxon, J. A. Jones Construction Co., the League of Arab States, Lockheed, Mobil Foundation, Northrop, Standard Oil of California, and Texaco.

Besides offering courses, the Duke center has provided consulting to companies and banks wishing to do business in Saudi Arabia, and has sponsored scores of pro-Saudi lectures by outside visitors, American and Arab. Its public relations ambitions are extensive, intended to reach, says a Duke memo, "25,000 students in three key Southeastern states" and to have an impact "among journalists, publicists and communications media in all eight states in the Southeastern region." The Duke program is being extended to a dozen small liberal arts colleges in North and South Carolina and Georgia. It is expected eventually to include as many as forty colleges throughout the Southeast. Despite denials by Exxon officials that the program has any political bias, Joe Dunn, professor of history and politics at Converse College in South Carolina, said, "Clearly, the purpose of the whole Exxon program is to have an Arab point of view. In addition, I feel personally that the Israeli point of view has had more than fair play." Dunn has received $1,000 to set up a program for the community as well as the university, in his words, to "expand knowledge about the Middle East from the Arab perspective." Some Duke officials believe that the program will be used as a model for the establishment of Arabian centers sponsored by Saudi Arabia in other parts of the country.

As the program at Duke University shows, petrodollar influence is now ubiquitous, and donations need no longer be covertly made. The Bechtel Corporation, which holds at least $40 billion in Saudi contracts, recently paid an author to write a book which glorifies Saudi Arabia. The book has been distributed by Doubleday. The National Association of Arab Americans gives the book free to new members. PBS has produced a documentary on Saudi Arabia that defends Saudi Arabian foreign policies more effectively than the Saudi Foreign Ministry. The three-part program was underwritten by three corporations that have huge business dealings with Saudi Arabia and the Arab world, and one firm that is trying to get off the Arab boycott list. The supplemental curricula packets prepared by John Duke Anthony of SAIS, all reinforcing the pro-Saudi theme, have been sent to every high school in the country.

SAUDI ARABIA'S campaign to influence American foreign policy goes back to 1973–1974, when Saudi Arabia employed the oil weapon for the first time. The campaign has become increasingly effective over the years. Using the hundreds of billions of dollars it has collected from oil revenues as both carrot and stick, Saudi Arabia has transformed powerful American businesses into friendly political surrogates. Lobbying for the Awacs sale (see "The Petrodollar Connection," TNR, February 17) or generating public "understanding" of the Saudi point of view has been the price of doing business with Saudi Arabia.

The Foreign Agents Registration Act was enacted by Congress to prevent foreign powers from interfering

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unduly in American affairs. Former U.S. officials who have had direct experience in enforcing the act believe that the Aramco program, initiated under Saudi pressure, may constitute a violation. And beyond the legal questions of growing petrodollar influence over U.S. institutions, there are the broader issues related to the newly emerging role of American business in shaping U.S. foreign policy. The Aramco campaign in all likelihood surpasses previous cases of multinational wrongdoing: it may be the first time that American business has signed on to change U.S. policy at the behest of a foreign power. Many other corporations have been led to believe that they will be rewarded by Saudi Arabia for spreading the Saudi gospel.

But in the end, the consequences of this new corporate role will not be limited to an additional contract, or new revenue for a university. The real costs—to the integrity and independence of the American political process—will be paid not by the corporations, but by the American people.

He made Russia a military colossus with feet of economic clay.

BREZHNEV: A PRE-POSTMORTEM

BY WILLIAM G. HYLAND

ONCE AGAIN LEONID BREZHNEV has confounded Kremlin watchers, this time by appearing at a celebration of Lenin's birthday after five weeks of unexplained invisibility. Brezhnev had been rumored to be comatose, purged, retired, or dead. And again he turned out to be none of the above. Brezhnev's disappearances are nothing new, but this time the speculation about the succession was unusually fevered. Mikhail Suslov, the elder statesman of Soviet politics, died in January. Andrei Kirilenko, once considered the man most likely to succeed Brezhnev, was genuinely ill. Suddenly there was a vacuum of power. It was promptly filled by the advancement to second place of Konstantin Chernenko, a Brezhnev crony of thirty years standing (See "Brezhnev's Heir Apparent," page 19). Yet it was the 67-year-old chief of the KGB, Yuriy Andropov, who was given the honor of delivering the Lenin Day address, thus reminding onlookers that the succession is by no means settled. Brezhnev may linger for a time, but the transition to the post-Brezhnev era has finally begun.

His legacy is clear: after a decade of tumult following Stalin's death and Khrushchev's adventures, Brezhnev restored order. He dismantled his former mentor's experiments: economic reforms and liberalizations were put aside, dissidents were again harassed or expelled, and Stalin was partially rehabilitated. In the wake of the humiliation of the Cuban missile crisis, Brezhnev engaged in a sustained rebuilding of Soviet military power. He achieved true superpower status for the U.S.S.R., and vastly extended Soviet geopolitical influence. He originated the new and ominous "Brezhnev Doctrine" of Soviet imperialism in Eastern Europe. In the East he applied steady pressure against China, and in the West he was accorded legitimacy and equal status. In return, he sought to go beyond peaceful coexistence to detente.

The Soviet Union has paid a price for Brezhnev's policy of internal stability and external expansion. A sluggish economy is stagnating. The Party's monopoly of power is challenged by the appearance of free institutions and ideas on Russia's western border. The intellectual wealth of Russia has been drained; the great artists and writers are abroad as exiles or émigrés, just as they were under the czars. Detente has faltered. China has joined the enemy camp. Gains in far-flung regions such as Angola have been offset by losses in areas of historic Russian interest such as the Middle East. The Red Army is in combat for the first time since the end of the Great Fatherland War, bogged down in a guerrilla war on the Soviet border. As the end of the Brezhnev era approaches, Russia has never been stronger. But in some fundamental respects it has seldom been weaker.

Brezhnev was the ideal candidate to rule the Soviet Union. A Russian from the Ukraine, he was born on December 19, 1906, into a genuine working-class family. He worked at the same steel mill as his father and grandfather, and was educated at Party schools. He became a political-military officer, a Party secretary, and in 1952, at the age of 46, a candidate member (temporarily, as it turned out) of the Party's Politburo under Josef Stalin.

It is not surprising that he would emerge as a staunch defender of orthodoxy. He owed a great deal

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to the revolution. It opened opportunities for a young boy in the provincial town of Kamenskoye (later Dneprodzerzhinsk) who had the intelligence, energy, and tenacity to turn routine openings into major advances. In the early 1930s he landed his first political job, far off in the Urals, where he was involved in Stalin's bloody collectivization of agriculture. At the age of 24 he became a full member of the Party. He served a year in the army, in a tank unit in the Chita military district, where he saw firsthand the problems of defending the long Soviet border with China. His career flourished as the Stalinist purge trickled down to local Party levels. As war approached, he was a Party secretary for propaganda and for defense industries in the neighboring city of Dnepropetrovsk.

It was the war, not the routine of Party politics, that transformed his career. When the Germans attacked in 1941 there were thousands of officials on Brezhnev's level. But by the end of the war he was a major general, the political commissar of the 18th Army, and the protégé of the Ukrainian front military commissar, Nikita Khrushchev.

After the war, Brezhnev returned to Khrushchev's Party hierarchy in the Ukraine. In 1950 he broke out of the pack to become first secretary in the Soviet Republic of Moldavia, which included new territory acquired from Rumania after the war. The post had to go to someone the Party leadership considered to be loyal and disciplined. (It was here that Konstantin Chernenko joined Brezhnev's team.) Brezhnev's performance earned him a vastly more significant breakthrough two years later. In his last days, Stalin stunned his old guard by creating a new, expanded twenty-five-member politburo which included Leonid Brezhnev as an alternate member and a Party secretary. At the age of 46, Brezhnev was a member of the Soviet ruling group. Only a handful of people had greater power.

But arriving at the top in Soviet politics is no guarantee of survival. When Stalin died in March 1953, Brezhnev was demoted from the Politburo, but stayed in Moscow as commissar for the Soviet Navy (his career once again intersecting with military affairs). He was rescued in 1954 by Khrushchev, who put him in charge of a fantastic gamble—developing the virgin lands of Kazakhstan. Brezhnev stayed for two successful years. Later the experiment began to falter, but by then Brezhnev was back in Moscow as a Party secretary, serving again under Khrushchev.

Brezhnev lost an important round in 1960 when he was promoted to the prestigious but powerless office of President of the U.S.S.R. The position of Khrushchev's heir apparent went to the Leningrader Frol Kozlov. But fate produced one final and crucial opportunity in May 1963: Kozlov suffered a stroke, and Brezhnev returned to the Party secretariat, never to leave. Over the next seventeen months he engineered the coup that removed his old patron from power. On October 14, 1964, Leonid Brezhnev was installed as first secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

DRAWING BY DONALD GATES FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Brezhnev's leadership of the Soviet Union can be divided into three phases: 1964 to 1970, when he consolidated his power and shaped internal policy; 1970 to 1976, when he moved into the leadership of foreign affairs and achieved some dramatic successes; and 1977 onward, when he has strained to entrench his personal leadership but has become increasingly bogged down in seemingly insoluble external and economic difficulties.

The prevailing view in 1964 was that Brezhnev's role would be chairman of the board of a collective leadership. But Brezhnev chipped away at the power structure. Nikolai Podgorny was eased into Brezhnev's old ceremonial role as President. The young KGB challenger, Alexander Shelepin, was cut down to size and eventually purged. Brezhnevites began to appear in important posts: Andrei Kirilenko was placed on the Party secretariat. By the time of the Party Congress in March 1966, Brezhnev was inching forward.

A strong political conservatism was to be the main characteristic of the Brezhnev era. The Party's role was strengthened. Khrushchev had created tensions by dividing the regional Party administration into agricultural and industrial sectors. Brezhnev restored unity. Khrushchev insisted on a periodic turnover in higher Party officials. Brezhnev revived seniority and tenure. He halted the assaults on Stalin without really rehabilitating him. Nor was there any widespread de-

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Khrushchevization; he supposedly told his colleagues after the coup: "We will not pour muck on ourselves." But the brief flirtation with cultural liberalization ended in 1966 with the trial of the writers, Andrei Sinyavskiy and Yuli Daniel. Brezhnev devised a variety of tactics to deal with dissidents. There were occasional trials and imprisonments reminiscent of Stalin, but the political use of psychiatric prisons was a Brezhnev innovation. He also borrowed from the czars in permitting considerable emigration, interspersed with forced expulsions.

Brezhnev deflected Kosygin's economic reform proposals of September 1965. Kosygin wanted to give much greater autonomy to plant managers, to increase direct ties between the industrial customer and the supplier, and even to introduce the idea of a profit incentive for individual plant managers. Brezhnev did not directly oppose the plan; he even favored the part of the scheme that called for an emphasis on new technology. But he saw to it that the reforms were implemented so slowly and within such a limited scope that they became meaningless. He offset this inflexibility by two shrewd economic remedies that paid off in the short term. He poured money into agriculture and enjoyed the benefit of several good harvests. And he increased the construction of housing, the one program for which he is truly popular—at least in Moscow.

Brezhnev's most fundamental change, however, was in the military programs. Khrushchev harassed the military, frequently threatening to cut their forces. Nevertheless, he laid the foundation for a build-up in strategic missiles. Brezhnev built on that foundation, and he also added substantially to naval and ground forces. Khrushchev had ridiculed aircraft carriers; Brezhnev built them. Within five years a massive new front against China was created. This added an annual 15 percent to the Soviet defense budget. But it enabled the Soviets to threaten the Chinese in 1969 after the military clashes on Damansky Island, and to force Chou En-Lai to agree to negotiations. Later, in the diplomatic stalling that followed, the Chinese would outmaneuver the Soviets.

EVEN IN THESE early years it was Brezhnev who put the major stamp on Soviet foreign policy. In 1968, when the Czech Communists threatened Soviet power, Brezhnev finally ordered in Soviet tanks. The retrospective justification for this act may have given Brezhnev a permanent claim to the Communist hall of fame: the claim that the autonomy of any Communist party or state was limited by the vital interests of "socialism," i.e., the Soviet Union, which therefore reserved the right of intervention to protect "socialist" gains. Brezhnev never spoke the words. They appeared in *Pravda* in September 1968, under the name of Sergei Kovalev, but they quickly became the Brezhnev Doctrine.

Still, it was something of a surprise when Brezhnev emerged in the front ranks of Soviet diplomacy during Willy Brandt's visit, in August 1970, to sign the Soviet-German treaty. Kosygin was still regarded as the mastermind of Soviet policy. But Brandt spent several hours with Brezhnev and found him lively and vivacious. Meanwhile in Washington, Anatoly Dobrynin was quietly suggesting to Henry Kissinger that Nixon's correspondence be addressed to Brezhnev rather than Kosygin.

WHY DID BREZHNEV, the careful conservative, venture into foreign policy? Because it was where the action was. Lenin, Stalin, and Khrushchev had all discovered that they could not delegate foreign affairs for too long without undermining their own power. In 1971 it was clear that trade, technology, and credits would have to be found to finance the build-up of the Soviet economy and military machine. Brezhnev must have also realized that the signature of a state treaty with West Germany signaled the success of decades of Soviet efforts to bring about the recognition of the division of Germany and the division of Europe. It opened up a new era and presented new opportunities that could only benefit the man seen to be in charge of the conduct of Soviet foreign policy. Brezhnev was not about to let this role by played by Kosygin.

On the basis of the newly created Soviet military position, Brezhnev sought recognition of the U.S.S.R. as a genuine superpower. This he achieved ten years ago, in May 1972, at the summit meeting in St. George's Hall. Strategic and political equality were symbolized in the first SALT agreements, which Brezhnev insisted on signing himself, leaving the more mundane agreements to Kosygin and Podgorny. Brezhnev sought American grain, credits, trade, and technology. He obtained some satisfaction, but never the breakthrough he counted on. In 1973, in Washington and San Clemente, detente reached its peak. Brezhnev charmed his American audiences, but he seemed to realize that Watergate was weakening American negotiating authority. The Middle East war that followed in a few months was a shock to U.S.-Soviet relations, but Brezhnev stuck with his general strategy, receiving Nixon again in July 1974. Embracing Ford at the Vladivostok meeting in November, Brezhnev seemed genuinely fond of the new President. Later, in 1975, he confided to Ford his hope for his reelection. Brezhnev continued to pursue SALT, but the promised economic benefits from the United States never came. In July 1975, he appeared with an entourage at the Helsinki Conference, which should have capped his detente diplomacy. But the Western powers turned Helsinki into a demand for greater autonomy in the East. Almost overnight Brezhnev appeared to have become an older man, tired and somewhat resigned. Detente was spiraling downward. In January 1976, in his last meeting with Kissinger, Brezhnev seemed irritated that

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BREZHNEV'S HEIR APPARENT

His high slavic cheekbones and Oriental features have been covered for decades with a pudgy coating of fat. His eyebrows are more subdued than those of his hallowed leader. His hair is fluffy and white. But there is something oddly familiar in the face of Konstantin Ustinovich Chernenko. There is a certain toughness in it, the toughness born of the long years of factionalism, one-upmanship, and betrayal which are requisite for advancement in the hierarchy of the Soviet Union's Communist Party.

Konstantin Chernenko's face now looks out from the front pages because he has come to be viewed as Leonid Brezhnev's heir apparent by those who toil in the arcane vineyards of Kremlinology. He has made a spectacular climb to the top, leapfrogging Andrei Kirilenko, long considered the principal candidate for the succession. Chernenko's advancement occurred in January, after the death of Mikhail Suslov, when Chernenko stepped in to fill the gaunt and ashen ideologist's place in the hierarchy. Here his role as chief of the Propaganda and Agitation Department of the Moldavian Communist Party, which Brezhnev headed from 1950 to 1952, made him unquestionably qualified for his new role. But it is his long association with Leonid Ilyich which explains his persistent success in the long march through the institutions.

Brezhnev and Chernenko have worked together since 1950. And when the future First Secretary moved into the Kremlin in 1956, Chernenko was pressed into service as head of the Agitprop Department of the Central Committee. Later, when Brezhnev succeeded in his anti-Khrushchev coup d'état, Chernenko was appointed to head the Central Committee's General Department. For many years, the routine administrative duties of this post kept Konstantin in the background, a dim figure noted for rotundity and baggy suits.

It is difficult to judge where Chernenko belongs on the ideological spectrum. Some observers point out that Chernenko, who owes his success entirely to Brezhnev's patronage, would not steer a clear and independent course but would pursue the general line of the Brezhnev years.

Nevertheless, Chernenko, who has been listed as the author of three books published since 1980 (*The CPSU and Human Rights*, *Selected Speeches and Articles*, and *Questions of the Work of the Party and State Apparatus*), appears to advocate firm discipline as a solution for the many social and economic ills confronting Soviet society. He has a reputation for what by Soviet standards is open-mindedness. He consistently has placed a strong emphasis on the importance of public opinion samplings and on the Party's need to maintain contact with the "masses" by being sensitive to workers' letters and complaints (an area for which he was responsible in his role in the Party's General Department). Such letters, in Chernenko's view, constitute a central mechanism through which Soviet "democracy" functions.

Apart from their occasional moments of turgid grandeur, Chernenko's public pronouncements are mechanical and bland. There are the reflexive quotations of Lenin, the obligatory references to Brezhnev, the hackneyed paeans to the Soviet working class. But there is little to distinguish this creature of the Party from any other, for the Party itself is exhausted and no longer has anything to say. It is Chernenko's very blandness that makes him a safe choice for the immediate future—a Party Secretary who would safeguard the enormous privileges of the Party elite, an elderly man who probably would not remain in office long enough to leave a decisive mark.

If Chernenko emerges as heir to Brezhnev, it may in part be a result of the recent course of events in Poland, where the army and the security apparatus effectively usurped the Party's primacy. As the Polish human rights activist Adam Michnik has suggested in an essay recently smuggled out of a detention camp, "The Polish military coup may become a precedent for the Communist bloc. Thus far it had been the Party apparatus which governed while the military acted as its armed instrument. Today, it may be that the military apparatus is governing while the Party merely constitutes a facade for its power." In this context, Chernenko's succession would be an unequivocal victory for the Party machine, for Chernenko is the embodiment of *partiynost*. This elusive, specifically Soviet formulation is usually translated as "party-mindedness," but it means something more. It suggests a total devotion to the Party and a sense that one's life is imbued with the Party's spirit and values. It suggests, in short, Chernenko.

Chernenko is 70 years old. His most glaring flaw is his almost total lack of involvement in economic matters; and it is the economy which promises to demand most of any future leader's attention. A second obstacle confronting Chernenko is his lack of a secure political base. Because he is largely the creature of Brezhnev's prestige and power (he is a sort of Ed Meese of the Kremlin) Chernenko does not have a strong regional or institutional base, as do such other putative pretenders to the throne as Moscow Party chief Viktor Grishin and Ukrainian Party Secretary Volodymyr Shcherbitsky. But in Soviet society ultimate power may rest with the army or the security apparatus. Yuri Andropov, the head of the KGB, and Defense Minister Dmitry Ustinov, a Party man who is highly regarded by the military, are sure to play a central role in the post-Brezhnev succession struggle.

If Chernenko ends up on top, he will be regarded as a caretaker-leader, a temporary compromise choice. His reign will likely be an interregnum in which other actors will jockey to position themselves for the ultimate struggle for power that would reach its climax when he fades from the scene.

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Angola, where the Soviets were exploiting the opportunities for cheap gains, had turned into a source of bitter confrontation with Washington. Only SALT proved salvageable after the U.S. election, but as it turned out, this was a pyrrhic victory.

Detente was by no means directed only at gaining credits, or a German treaty, or even SALT. Underlying these policies was a fundamental effort to isolate China. In all of the summit meetings with Nixon and Ford, Brezhnev raised China and warned of the new perils. He lectured Kissinger and even proposed a new Soviet-American alliance against China. When all of these efforts were rebuffed, he began to lose interest in detente. And after Mao's death in late 1976, new Soviet overtures to Peking were forthcoming, but the antagonism was too deep-seated to be changed by the disappearance of one personality, no matter how legendary. Failing a rapprochement, Soviet policy then turned to another tactic, outflanking China via Vietnam and Cambodia.

THE LAST five years—the final phase of Brezhnevism—are perplexing. A number of different trends and themes seem to be coexisting. At home, Brezhnev could not resist taking back his old job as President in 1977, and pushing aside his old comrade, Podgorny. He then began to fill the ranks of the government and Party with his minions. One of his personal aides, Konstantin Rusakov, was promoted to the Party secretariat. His old comrade, Nikolai Tikhonov, was advanced to first deputy premier. And Chernenko was rapidly pushed up to full Politburo status.

Abroad, with detente no longer an obstacle, a major political offensive was unleashed on the U.S.S.R.'s southern flank in Ethiopia, South Yemen, and Afghanistan; and in Asia, Moscow underwrote Vietnam's Cambodian invasion. Much of this was pure opportunism. But there was also a new sense of assurance that suggested Brezhnev believed the balance of power had indeed changed and the Soviets could translate it into geopolitical gains. But Afghanistan proved a treacherous battleground, and suddenly there was the Polish crisis. Had Brezhnev presided over the Soviet empire for fifteen years, only to see it disintegrate?

Old, sick, and supposedly only a caretaker, Brezhnev and his apparatus proved once again the value of tenacity in Poland. They maneuvered for almost a year, mixing military threats and economic inducements. At least two Soviet-sponsored coups were attempted in the Polish Party leadership. Finally the Soviets found a lackey who would do their work for them in Warsaw. Brezhnev had bought some time, much as he had done in 1968 in Czechoslovakia.

But this man who dreamed up the Brezhnev Doctrine, and who carried it out with ruthless and persistent opportunism, scarcely seemed suited to the role. Almost all of his Western interlocutors have found him jovial, witty, friendly, and a man of impressive capabilities. Willy Brandt writes that Brezhnev was a man whose "sweeping self-assurance waxed from meeting to meeting." This was about the same judgment reached by Nixon. He found in 1972 that the Soviets had lost their sense of inferiority that had been so noticeable under Khrushchev. The overt signs were Brezhnev's fashionable clothes, his cuff links, his gold cigarette lighter and case. But he was still an earthy Russian who felt compelled to create a physical bond that would somehow transcend political differences. During a ride to a meeting at his country dacha, Brezhnev put his hand on Nixon's knee and expressed his hope that they had developed a "good personal relationship." A few years later at Vladivostok, he held President Ford's hand and explained his ardent desire for peace. In 1973 at Camp David, a buoyant Brezhnev kissed a startled Kissinger, and Brezhnev was startled, but pleased, when President Carter suddenly embraced him at the signing of SALT II in Vienna.

It is always difficult to separate the personal from the political. Stalin was cold and paranoid and so were his policies. Khrushchev was erratic, politically and personally. But Brezhnev is not easy to typecast. Although warm and convivial, he could still prove his manhood by stubbornly bargaining over seemingly trival details. He could insist that American demands to include the Backfire bomber in SALT were absurd, and then look to the heavens and plead, "Backfire! Backfire! I wish I had never heard of it." He could invent, on the spot, the name for a new Soviet submarine, the Typhoon, or offer to trade a nonexistent Soviet bomber for the American B-1. On one occasion he quickly finished a late-night session by exclaiming, "I've got to get home, my wife will kill me." Then he reappeared looking for something to read, found a copy of the Soviet humor magazine *Krokodil*, and happily tucked it under his arm and marched off.

He talked of his great-granddaughter much as any proud grandfather. He liked to hunt and drive fast cars and tell tall stories—very much the man's man. He had an eye for a pretty girl. The picture of him ogling Jill St. John at San Clemente is worth a thousand words. One always had the impression, however, that he had himself under control—that the humanization was partly rehearsed, the jokes pointed, the good fellowship partly contrived. Once, when a point of controversy erupted, he insisted on summoning a Soviet cabinet officer to the meeting. When the hapless minister appeared, he stood at attention, while being roughly interrogated by Brezhnev, who then curtly dismissed him. This, too, was the real Brezhnev.

IN THE END, of course, it will be up to history to separate politics from personalities. Two judgments will be made: the verdict in the Western or non-Communist world, and the judgment in the Soviet Union. They will not necessarily be the same. Chances are that the historical evaluation of Brezhnev will rest

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on a fairly simple proposition: he made the U.S.S.R. a world power, but he did so by risking the long-term well-being of the Soviet state. Russia under Brezhnev is a military colossus with feet of economic clay. History will have to decide whether the military effort has been worth the domestic decay.

Brezhnev changed the strategic balance of power and vastly extended Soviet influence. The Soviets take pride in proclaiming that there is no international issue that can be settled without them. Not completely true, but increasingly so. The U.S.S.R. is in a better global position than in 1964 when Brezhnev assumed Khrushchev's chair. But even more than his American counterparts, Brezhnev has had to confront the paradox of the nuclear age—that the accumulation of military power does not automatically translate into permanent political advances. The Soviets were expelled from Egypt in 1972, even though they wielded much greater military power than they did at the time of their original involvement in 1955. The Soviets were forced into military intervention in Afghanistan, where a Communist coup could not succeed even under the very shadow of Soviet power. The gains in Angola and Ethiopia are real, but it is not clear that they can be sustained by military power as such. To some extent in the third world the U.S.S.R. still plays the role of counterweight and alternative to the West, a powerful and useful patron but not a true friend to emulate. The Polish crisis could not be snuffed out by Soviet troops alone.

IT SEEMS increasingly that the Soviet military power plays the role of neutralizing American military power. While Western statesmen are apprehensive about a Soviet margin of superiority, it seems less and less likely that the Soviets can change the balance of power decisively by military means alone. Indeed, the major centers of power in the world are arrayed against the Soviet Union: China, Japan, Western Europe, and the United States. True, it is a weak coalition because it cannot organize itself; it still presents cracks and openings for the Soviets to slip through; the Middle East and the Persian Gulf seem to be a soft underbelly. But the inability of the Soviet Union to forestall or split this coalition may prove to be an important indictment of the Brezhnev period. It could explain Brezhnev's eleventh-hour appeal for normalization of relations with China, and his startling re-christening of China as a "Socialist country."

The Soviet Union's Eastern European buffer is also weakening. Again Brezhnev seems to have encountered a paradox: Soviet power can maintain an empire in Eastern Europe, but with each passing decade the price is higher and the return is smaller. Dissent and disaffection in Eastern Europe, of course, cannot be blamed on Brezhnev. They were there from the moment the Red Army entered the area. But in an era of European detente, repressing dissent with military force is more and more costly. In 1968 Soviet intervention was frightening, but the significance of the Polish crisis may well be that the Soviets did not use their own forces. Perhaps they can always find the moral equivalent of Jaruzelski, but perhaps not. In any case, the economic burden of Eastern Europe is growing. Czechoslovakia was rescued from heresy only to turn into an economic disaster. Hungary, which paid a high price in 1956, was then left to its own devices and now looks like a model. But can the Soviet Union afford an empire composed of clients that follow Hungary's economic liberalization, Rumania's foreign policy autonomy, and Poland's indigenous trade working-class movement?

In Soviet eyes, strange as it may seem to Westerners, Brezhnev's historical reputation will probably not rest on his foreign policy. If the remainder of this decade is to be another historic time of troubles, the onus may well fall on Brezhnev. If there is to be a major shift in Soviet economic policy, especially toward reforms and agonizing cutbacks in defense, it is difficult to see how such a new course could be adopted without some degree of de-Brezhnevization.

The case for change is certainly growing. The economy is slowing to a virtual halt. Bad harvests have multiplied. Even Brezhnev has had to acknowledge that the problem goes beyond bad weather. This year's crop was so poor it was not even reported. Moreover, industrial growth is slowing drastically, mainly because productivity is stagnating. The supply of manpower is dwindling. Investments are being cut back, to concentrate on finishing old projects; hard currency earnings are running down; and an energy crisis may be looming. The culprit is not only inefficiency and mismanagement layered onto a defective system, but the continuing burden of an overblown military account. More and more it seems that the Soviets eventually must choose between guns and butter, between the status quo and reform.

ONE SUSPECTS that Brezhnev's successors will have to tread carefully. Can they denounce him without endangering the formidable conservative coalition he created? Can they attack him and continue to convince their own people that, although the system is sound, Russia has been continuously ruled by villains, fools, and incompetents? How can such a system retain its legitimacy?

Had Brezhnev retired in 1977 rather than promoting himself, his place in Soviet history would probably be far more secure. Then he could have pointed to a successful record in raising the standard of living and promoting Soviet power, and could have left with honors, installing his choice as his successor. But that would have been uncharacteristic of the man and of the political system he inherited, and which he will now pass on, slightly improved and stronger, but deeply troubled.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Murder, Marriage, and Other Matters

Last week, *Diva*, a French thriller that is fundamentally a romance. This week, *Garde à Vue*, a French thriller that is fundamentally a grim marital drama.

Georges Simenon didn't write the novel on which it's based, but it's Simenon country: crime investigation as a medium for the exploration of human traits and conflicts rather than a mere puzzle for solution. The source of *Garde à Vue* was an English novel, *Brainwash*, by John Wainwright; the screenplay was written by Claude Miller, the director, and Jean Herman, with dialogue by Michel Audiard. Miller, whose earlier film seen here was a pleasantry called *The Best Way to Walk*, began as an assistant to Truffaut; Herman is himself a director; Audiard has been writing screenplays since 1949 and has done several dozen. With this amassed cinematic experience, it's all the more interesting that these three men have turned out a film that deliberately challenges the formal "rules" of film structure. *Garde à Vue* has only four significant characters, and almost all of it takes place in one room. Perhaps the shape is meant to underscore the title, which translates as the legal term "preventive detention." In any case, the film tries, on a much lower level, to challenge cinematic conventions as Eric Rohmer did in his best work. Miller and Herman and Audiard and their colleagues succeed at least to the extent that the picture never sags and that the drama—the real drama, not the solution of the crimes—has some impact.

Garde à Vue
(Fred Baker Films)

Soldier Girls
(First Run Features)

The Atomic Café
(Libra Films)

On a rainy New Year's Eve at 9 p.m., a rich Paris attorney, wearing the dinner jacket in which he was evidently en route elsewhere, is brought to police headquarters for questioning about the rape and murder of two little girls. The attorney, played by Michel Serrault, who was the drag night-club performer in the *Cage aux Folles* films, has been questioned before in this matter; the inspector in charge, Lino Ventura, is pressing to bring the case(s) to a conclusion. Another detective, Guy Marchand, who looks like a Gallic Nixon, is also present, types the testimony, and does some questioning of his own. The only other consequential character is Serrault's wife, somewhat younger, played by Romy Schneider in evening-gown slink, who comes unsummoned to police headquarters and is interviewed by Ventura in another room.

The film ends the following morning with two twists. One of them solves the crimes, the other determines the marital drama.

Dramaturgically, the film is insidious, as one sees the seemingly central thriller story gradually being infiltrated by the real center. As in Simenon, this oblique approach is something more than cleverness: it draws us into the revelation that crime—and its detection—is as valid a locus for the conflict of wills and the discovery of human depth, of human paradox, as love or valor or any of the ancient fields of drama. Through this dramaturgic motion, through the cleverness of Miller as director and his editor Albert Jurgenson (the film rarely leaves headquarters except for some flashbacks to illustrate questions being asked on the soundtrack), there's never any sense of anti-cinematic confinement. Miller has none of the virtuoso accomplishment of Hitchcock in *Rope*, with its one penthouse setting and its ten-minute takes. *Garde à Vue* isn't intended as virtuosity: it simply increases intensity by spatial concentration. Admittedly, however, if it were a play, which it very easily could be, it wouldn't have that extra intensity because it wouldn't be challenging its medium as, quite subtly and engagingly, it does here.

Lino Ventura is clearly filling the Gabin gap in France. (I saw him with Gabin once, in a Mafia story called *The Sicilian Clan*. There, as Richard Pryor might put it, was a picture with balls.) His handsome, squared-off face is now festooned with creases and pouches that testify to experience and capability rather than to detrition. And, like Gabin, he is a king of silences. For all I know, during those silences in which he fixes the other person in his gaze, Ventura may be thinking of what he's going to have for lunch, but then so may Gabin have been doing. One of the attributes of the truly filmic actor is his ability to make us act *for* him, to make us fill in those silences. This is not remotely to say that Ventura can't act, any more than Gabin could not: when Ventura's role calls on him to *produce*—strength, emotion, command—he produces, with ease. But it's that very ease that enables him to do nothing so effectively, when he's just listening to a witness or looking up from some

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Diner. Baltimore, 1959. Six young men "hanging out" together on the edge of maturity. Occasionally contrived, utterly sexist, colloquially pungent and funny.

Diva. Paris, 1980s. Lush thriller-romance involving a moped messenger, an American black soprano, a Vietnamese girl, and assorted killers. Jean-Jacques Beineix's first film gives the word "entertainment" new shine.

Some Kind of Hero. Los Angeles, 1970s. A former P.O.W. in Vietnam is jostled into crime by injustice. So-so script exalted by the talents of Richard Pryor, never completely comic, never completely serious.

Victor/Victoria. Paris, 1934. An English singer, female, promoted by an American singer (male gay), as a male singer in drag. Cleverly complicated farce, neatly played, with Blake Edwards directing neatly.

SK

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papers or pursing his lips patiently.

Schneider does what she has to do as well as needed. The film's one slight weakness is Serrault. He is smooth and competent but thin. He is much less capable of suggestion than Ventura; what we see is more or less what we get, and we don't see quite enough. The real drama in this film needs complete realization in the interior of the rich attorney, and Serrault does it only partially. It's this "not-quite" quality in him that stops the film just short of full success. Michel Piccoli in the role would have made it outstanding. As is, it's good.

TWO NEW documentaries, apparently meant to expose and shock, left me with mixed feelings.

Soldier Girls, made by Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill, is about a platoon of female recruits going through basic training at Fort Gordon, Georgia. The platoon is a mixture of black and white women; the drill sergeant and most of the noncoms are white males.

It's well-enough done, but I don't know what it was meant to accomplish. Were we supposed to learn from it that basic training is tough and rough? That drill sergeants schematically make it so? That the songs and slogans are single-mindedly militaristic and bloody? That there are some falterers and fall-outs? What person over fifteen would not have known this? What person over fifteen would want an army—if there's going to *be* an army—trained otherwise? By its very existence, the implication of the film is that it's going to open our eyes. All it does is reiterate. And if we're going to be sexually egalitarian from now on, why is it any worse for women than for men to go through the deliberately homogenizing, reductive discipline of military training and barracks life? (All these women, not incidentally, are volunteers.)

The best sequence is a quiet one in which the drill sergeant talks about what combat experience did to his soul. That's the word he uses.

The Atomic Café, by Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty, is a compilation film about the inanities and lunacies on the subject of possible atomic warfare during the late 1940s and early 1950s. The clips from army training films, from newsreels and TV appearances of politicians and pastors, the demonstrations of survival kits and atomic-attack shelters, the whole demented effort to accommodate the

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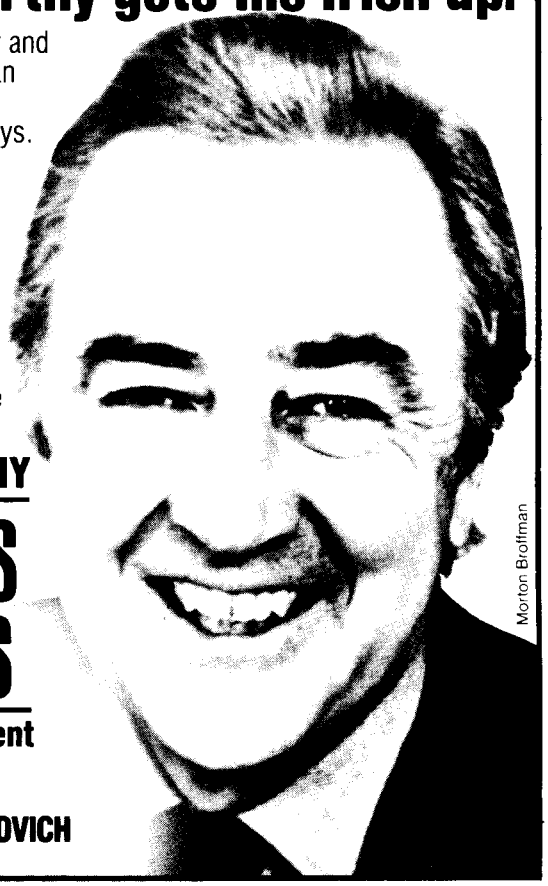

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atomic bomb to the thought processes of the preatomic age are almost too remote by now to be ridiculous. (Once it was hotly debated among clergymen whether you had the moral right to shoot someone who tried to enter your family's bomb shelter after an attack, when you had only enough food for your loved ones.) The soundtrack includes songs about "a cold war between you and me" and atomic explosions in one's heart that are like badly faded obscenities.

What's most disturbing about the film is the feeling of present-day superiority it's apparently supposed to evoke. We've passed from the fission age to the thermonuclear age; no one today would write a song called "You're the H-bomb in My Heart," and survival kits for an H-bomb attack would not sell very widely. But all that has basically happened in thirty years is that our incompetences in nuclear control are lacquered with the stupidities of familiarity instead of the stupidities of ignorance. I saw this film in a theater filled with guffawing Village types, and I couldn't help wondering what rational planet *they* live on. We have fewer illusions than the fission-age folk in this film, but international rationality is no more firmly in control than it was then. And this only means, in sum, that if It comes, we'll have fewer illusions as we disintegrate.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Back at the Starting Post

John Guare has just run his second horse in the Lydie Breeze Sweepstakes, while a third is being saddled up for the next race. At this rate, he will soon have the largest stable in the American theater. Let's wish him luck with his final entry. The first two nags haven't shown the stamina to finish the course, and they are being led to the starting post in confusing chronological order.

Gardenia
by John Guare

Pastorale
by Deborah Eisenberg

Gardenia (now playing at the Manhattan Theater Club) takes place in 1875 and 1884; *Lydie Breeze* (a recent tenant of the American Place Theater) is set in 1895. A few of the events remembered in the latter work are dramatized in the former, while some characters only mentioned in *Lydie Breeze* now constitute the central figures of *Gardenia.* That history is happening in *Gardenia,* rather than being recalled, should result in a more active play. It doesn't. Guare is more controlled here, because less distracted by the progress of spirochete bacilli through his characters' veins, but *Gardenia* remains basically undramatized, a disunified sketch in search of another draft. The central event—the murder of Dan Grady by his jealous friend, Joshua Hickman—happens between the acts, and all that occupies stage time is symbolism, mood, exposition, recrimination.

The first act of *Gardenia* has us back on Nantucket, where three veterans of the Civil War, inspired by a handsome, liberated Union Army nurse named Lydie Breeze, have come to start an American Utopia. Although scornful of social conventions, Joshua and Lydie have married and had a child (her "first compromise"); when the curtain rises, each is mourning a serious diappointment. Lydie's gardenia plant has died—symbolic of the death of the Nantucket whaling industry as represented by her father's ship Gardenia—and Joshua's book of poems has been rejected by William Dean Howells of the *Atlantic Monthly* ("Your book is heavy with the dirt of European libraries," Howells lectures him. "Let the brisk air of America blow through your imagination"). The nation is on the brink of major changes; and soon this magic isle of strange noises will be irretrievably spoiled, presumably overrun by trippers beckoned over the Nantucket Sound by the Woods Hole Steamship Authority.

It soon develops that Lydie is really in love with another of the Nantucket Utopians, the railroad conductor Dan Grady, whose child she bears but miscarries in the sea. Just as the colony is about to dissolve in acrimony, Grady gets his hands on some bribe money headed toward the corrupt pockets of President Grant. This enables him to send the third member of the triumvirate, Amos Mason, to Harvard for his law degree, and to ship Joshua off to Europe, thus permitting him and Lydie world and time enough for uninterrupted hanky-panky.

Act II takes place nine years later. Joshua is now in a Charlestown jail serving time for the murder of Dan. While running the prison printing press, he has managed to complete a memoir about a colony which Howells is eager to publish. Amos, whose promising political career would be ruined by disclosures of free love and socialism, offers Joshua his freedom if he will destroy the book; when Joshua refuses, Amos brings in Lydie, now a dissipated and undoubtedly diseased hooker, hoping she will plead his case in return for the chance to see her children (she has recently tried to murder them—also during the act break). Lydie is contemptuous of the book because it reduces a great effort to a "series of petty anecdotes." But although it means she will never see Nantucket again, she tells him to go ahead and publish. Instead, he decides to destroy the manuscript.

Guare no doubt sees some grand historical plan behind these Gothic events, but the intent is more impressive than the execution; like Joshua, he has reduced an ambitious project to a series of petty anecdotes. It is maddening to find this gifted playwright continually betraying his own talents through a failure of craft. Guare usually provides enough material for a dozen plays. I think his dramaturgy would benefit by his settling on one (how much more powerful *Bosoms and Neglect* would have been had he not diluted a black comedy about death with an irrelevant second act about a cute meet in a psychiatrist's office). We should be grateful that at

COMING:
John Clive on
Herbert Butterfield.

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least one American playwright is willing to create an historical context for his work, but perhaps he should think more about supplementing his readings in revisionist history with some study of Aristotle's *Poetics*.

Although Karel Reisz has not been able to clarify or unify the play, he has directed it with force and sensitivity. Santo Loquasto has designed a truly exquisite first-act setting of a Nantucket beach as seen by Andrew Wyeth, drenched in beige colors and decorated with driftwood, dunes, and beach grass; one is almost tempted to leap on stage and walk through it barefoot. (His second-act Charlestown jail is also impressive for its atmosphere and economy.) As for the cast, it is strong and, apparently, committed. JoBeth Williams, as Lydie, reveals herself as a handsome actress with a considerable range (perhaps a little too considerable, since the rouged, diseased, hard-bitten whore she plays in the second act bears little resemblance to the skittish intellectual nymph of the first); Sam Waterston, James Woods, and Edward Herrmann are all persuasive in roles that, in weaker hands, would be too thin to be convincing. I await the third play in the trilogy, less out of expectation that it will produce something significant than out of hope that John Guare will finally have gotten this damned Lydie Breeze business out of his system. Perhaps then he can settle down to write a coherent and consistent play—preferably one that observes the unities.

Pastorale is a first play by Deborah Eisenberg, recently produced as a showcase at the Second Stage. The work has stimulated considerable excitement about the writer who, by the way, is the "Debbie" mentioned in *My Dinner With André*—the warm female presence toward whom Wally Shawn wends his weary way after two intense hours of conversation with André Gregory. The excitement is understandable, though perhaps a little premature. Miss Eisenberg has a sensitive ear and a sense of the stage; she has heard her generation and managed to give it a voice. Although *Pastorale* never rises much above the level of behavioral sociology, it scrutinizes its objects with good humor, tolerance, wit, and clean prose—qualities not always present in social science studies. Miss Eisenberg enters territory already explored by Christopher Durang, Wendy Wasserstein, and Shawn himself, but she is nevertheless an original. If she finds the right subject, she may very well produce this generation's theatrical equivalent of *Catcher in the Rye*.

The scene is a grubby country house, probably in Vermont, where a group of temporary urban refugees enact their sexual and social confusions over a period from June through April, having breakups and breakdowns through most of the intervening holidays. One has a passion for popcorn and Kellogg's Sugar Smacks, most of which somehow end up on the floor. But then none of the tenants are terribly clean; there are dirty dishes in the sink and dead mice under most of the plastic coffee cups. One of the women pops some acid by mistake ("I'm going to be insane, aren't I?") and starts examining the chips in her chocolate chip cookie; later, she decides that her friend's false eyelashes are wiggling and tries to squash them. At Christmas, the girls decorate the tree with their undergarments. When they try to sell the house, the couch catches fire.

NOTHING MORE than this happens, but meanwhile the social habits and speech parts of a confused generation are being observed with unerring satirical accuracy. A few examples of generational idiom: "You know what always scares me? I'm always afraid I'm going to grab the food off the plate of the people sitting next to me." "There's something you can certainly say about men—when they dump you, you lose all your friends." "I thought I was leading my life, but it turns out I'm representing it—at least to the public." At the end of the play, just before they return to the city, some of the characters decide to take a walk ("A walk? God!") which inspires awed inarticulateness: "Remember this? Remember when it's spring? And for a moment you can almost see what sort of thing it is?"

Carole Rothman, the director, has kept the nonaction going with fluid grace inside Heidi Landesman's Joseph Cornell-like box set while establishing a frozen, mechanically cheerful style for the actors (most notably Christine Estabrook and Judith Ivey) that makes them seem both funny and forlorn. *Pastorale* is a mild sketch with the power that derives from acute observation, a fragmentary glimpse into fragmented lives, a sidewise sojourn into the country of the lost.

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To the rescue of our literary heritage.

The Literary Americans

By R. W. B. Lewis

AROUND THE middle of this April, there appeared in bookstores across the country four uniform hardback volumes of 1,500 pages each, containing seriatim: three romances of Herman Melville, three novels of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the complete poetry and prose of Walt Whitman, the complete tales and sketches of Nathaniel Hawthorne. They are the first of what will eventually be a hundred and more volumes of the Library of America. It is a gigantic literary, editorial, and publishing enterprise, and may well be the cultural event of our epoch.

The venture has behind it a long and sometimes storm-tossed history. The most recent phase began a few years ago when the Ford Foundation, mainly through the efforts of its vice president, Roger Kennedy, put up $600,000 to fund what, for the time being, was called the Literary Classics of the United States. Kennedy's cultural partner and canon lawyer, as it were, was Jason Epstein, editor-in-chief at Random House, and as things went ahead these drew others into the planning: in particular, Daniel Aaron, director of the American Civilization program at Harvard, and Richard Poirier, an editor of *Partisan Review* and professor of English at Rutgers. The group applied for an additional and larger grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, and after considerable talk and countertalk this was approved in the fall of 1979 to the amount of $1,200,000. The Literary Classics thereupon went into production.

But the general idea—that is, of a standard edition of the best of American literature—goes back a very long way. In the early 1960s, Edmund Wilson, who had been fulminating for quite a spell about the terrible state of the American publishing industry (it didn't bring out the right books, and those it did were ugly and cumbersome), enlisted the aid of the young Jason Epstein in doing something practical about it—especially with regard to the American literary heritage. "The kind of thing I would like to see," Wilson wrote Epstein in April 1961:

> would follow the example of the *Editions de la Pléiade*, which have included almost the whole of the French classics in beautifully produced and admirably printed, thin-paper volumes ranging from 800 to 1,500 pages.

Those last phrases are an almost exact description of the volumes now being brought out by the Library of America (as the original Literary Classics enterprise was strategically renamed). "These volumes, published by Gallimard," Wilson went on, "have evidently been commercially successful." So much so, it can be noted, that what started as Gallimard's service to the French nation is now perhaps that publishing house's chief source of income.

Epstein led the effort to secure foundation backing for Wilson's proposed series, amid a chorus of approval from the literary community. Lionel Trilling spoke for many when he said that "the lack of adequate editions of the great American writers" was "a national disgrace." W. H. Auden added that in Europe and even in Russia such a situation "would be unthinkable." R. P. Blackmur gave unqualified support and offered himself as editor of the complete works of Henry Adams. Enthusiastic messages were conveyed, via Epstein, from Mark Van Doren, Allen Tate, Perry Miller (who made some cautionary remarks about textual problems that were not immediately listened to), and Alfred Kazin, among others. And John F. Kennedy was induced to say that he was "much interested in the proposal," and hoped it might be helped on its way. The National Endowment for the Humanities (it wasn't quite called that yet, but never mind) voted sizable financial backing for the project.

At this point, the story gets misted over. The Wilson-Epstein plan, so the proponents learned, was "tabled" at the Endowment, and then evidently but mysteriously it was canceled. At the same time, the Endowment allotted an undisclosed sum to the Modern Language Association for the latter's newly created Committee for the Editions of American Authors. The mission of the C.E.A.A. was to produce swarms of literary texts, mostly from the nineteenth century, subjected to meticulous scholarship, with the "proper" text exhaustively established in each case, and every minute variation within a text (e.g., "Aunt Polly" and "aunt Polly") and from edition to edition carefully noted.

As it turned out, the work of the C.E.A.A. has been of inestimable and lasting value, but it did suffer from several drawbacks. The process was exceedingly slow; there is no hurrying the academic scholar when he gets his teeth into an editorial task. The range of selection was at once curiously limited and unlimited (*forty* volumes of William Dean Howells?); and the list was to come to end, with a cultural thud, with books first published in the early twentieth century. As the volumes came into being, moreover, it was apparent that they had almost no appeal at all outside the narrow precincts of American textual scholarship. There had also, it seems, been some vague commitment that the C.E.A.A. texts would lead to reasonably priced, nonannotated commercial editions, but nothing was visibly being done along this line.

EDMUND WILSON, from his perch at Wellfleet, watched the development with growing rancor until, in 1968, he permitted himself one of the celebrated losses of temper in our literary annals. In March of that year he published an open letter to the *New York Review of Books* which began: "The editing of the classical American writers has got to be an academic racket that is coming between these writers and the public to which they ought to be accessible." He summarized the situation:

> What we get are, on the one hand, old reprints of various works of these writers, and, on the other, pedantic and expensive editions [they were priced at ten dollars each] published at long intervals, a volume or two at a time, by the university presses.

Wilson gave his understanding of how things had gone wrong: how Endowment money that had been earmarked for his project had strangely been diverted to the M.L.A. "The next news of this that I had," Wilson continued, not striving for charm, "was that more of these stupid academic editions

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were being got under way." He offered, as an example of the same:

> the grisly news that some M.L.A. beneficiary is going to undertake a complete edition of the works of William Gilmore Sims, who seems to me one of the most unreadable and unrewarding American writers—his work is both sloppy and voluminous.

With a kind of cordial venom, Wilson invited the M.L.A. to explain the means whereby "they accomplished this operation of waylaying the funds we were supposed to get"; and he concluded that, indignant as he felt about the whole matter, he could not "be bothered to do anything about."

BUT HE DID, of course, in a two-part article called "The Fruits of the M.L.A.," published the following autumn in the *New York Review of Books* (and later brought out in book form). Here Wilson rehearsed the sequence of events and renewed his attack on the editorial methods and general literary sagacity of the M.L.A.; but otherwise it was a rather odd performance. While heaping scorn on academic pedantry, Wilson displayed no little pedantry of his own, informing us *en passant* that Anatole France, in an unpublished dialogue about Kant, once cut back a long inquiry into the nature of God to forty-nine words. Wilson expressed fascination with the many noted variants in the *Pléiade* edition of Proust, but only contempt for the discovery by an American scholar that in the course of writing *The Marble Faun*, Hawthorne changed the names of some of the characters—a fact that, as I know, can be of real interest.

The second article was devoted largely to Wilson's always interesting meditation's on Mark Twain and the sources of Twain's despair and guilt in the final years, with a respectful look at John S. Tuckey's M.L.A. edition of the fragments of those years. At the end, Wilson returned to polemics, but in a somewhat weary and rumbling manner, and it is not easy, at this distance, to see why the scholars got so mad. Their feelings found voice in a pamphlet printed by the M.L.A. and called *Professional Standards and American Editions: A Response to Edmund Wilson*, and the title says everything. The exchange demonstrated again the verbal cross-purposes at which scholar and critic helplessly arrive when they attempt to debate.

The better part of a decade passed, until Roger Kennedy judged the moment propitious to revive the old Wilson project, by means of the Ford Foundation grant already mentioned. In the letter-writing campaign to secure the larger financial support from the National Endowment for the Humanities, there became audible a new urgency about the American literary past—namely, that it was ceasing to exist. American literature was going out of stock. Despite justified grumbling by readers and teachers, the paperback trade had been keeping in print a certain number of writings by our best-known authors, though with a quite haphazard selection of titles and in flimsy editions that were programmed to self-destruct. Now even this resource was drying up, deemed by the mass publishing houses to be insufficiently profitable.

Blake Nevius, a lively and learned Americanist at U.C.L.A., put the case well when he reported that:

> the standard works are going out of print so fast that between the time I order the books from the university bookstores and the day the course begins one to several of the texts have become unavailable.

I can chime in here: three days before I began an undergraduate seminar this term, I was informed that the paperback edition of *Complete Poems of Hart Crane*, which was to be one of my central texts, vanished from print, and I have been scrambling, xeroxing, and cursing ever since. Others have obviously had similar experiences; words like "scandal" and "outrage" peppered the messages to the N.E.H.

AS THE LETTERS made emphatic, the teaching (in an important sense, the reality) of American literature was not only severely restricted, it was positively controlled and determined, by the publishing marketplace: you could teach *The Scarlet Letter*, but you couldn't teach *The House of the Seven Gables*; *The Portrait of a Lady*, but not *Roderick Hudson*; *Silas Lapham*, but not *Annie Kilburn* or *The Landlord at Lion's Head*.

But there were hints of other and transacademic issues in one or two of the letters; chief among these was the connection, basic and crucial but hard to pin down, between the increasing loss of belief in our democratic institutions and the increasing inaccessibility of our past literature with its democratic humanistic tradition. The connection can be missed in high places. President

The ABCs of Soviet Socialism

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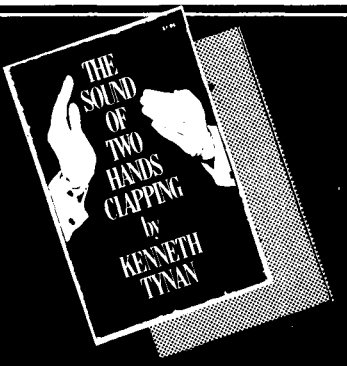

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Kennedy, while trying to be of service, came up with a typically misleading formula when he said (in the letter to Jason Epstein) that "the absence of such comprehensive editions of our great writers represents a sad vacancy in our national culture." But it is not a question of "vacancy," and the Library would fail if it ever thought of itself—as it shows no sign of doing—as some immense gap-filling agency. On the spacious level that it occupies, the literature *is* the national culture.

SO THE AGE would appear to demand something like the Library of America, and yet almost at once the enterprise ran into heavy weather. The most vigorous and vocal opposition came from several of the university presses still engaged in producing annotated texts for the C.E.A.A. Resentment at Edmund Wilson's diatribes had not cooled very much over the years, and spokesmen for the presses were quick to renew the old battle. At N.E.H. hearings, they put forward various alternative suggestions as to where the money might best end up, but their strongest contention was that it should go to their institutions rather than to some outfit of amateurs for a series of rival and inferior volumes. To this, the Library people could reply with some justice that they were essentially carrying out the original commitment of the C.E.A.A. by providing readable and purchasable texts of the major authors for the public at large. The outcome, anyhow, reversed the earlier one of the mid-1960s, with the funding now being assigned to the Wilsonian imperative.

First Volumes Of The Library Of America

Tales and Sketches
by Nathaniel Hawthorne
edited by Roy Harvey Pierce
(1,504 pp.)

Typee, Omoo, Mardi
by Herman Melville
edited by G. Thomas Tanselle
(1,344 pp.)

Three Novels
by Harriet Beecher Stowe
edited by Kathryn Kish Sklar
(1,488 pp.)

Poetry and Prose
by Walt Whitman
edited by Justin Kaplan
(1,392 pp.)

A DEGREE of peace was achieved thereafter when the Library contracted to *rent* many of the texts established by the C.E.A.A.—for example, Hawthorne's writings from the Ohio State University Press, Mark Twain's from the University of California, and Howells's from the University of Indiana—for 2.5 percent of the royalties. It was a sound solution: it would be absurd not to make use of definitive versions so exhaustively arrived at, and those responsible for them had every claim to what is in effect a payment for copyrighted material. (Any old edition of *Huckleberry Finn* is in the public domain, but the scholarship reflected in the University of California Press's edition of it is copyrighted.) The predictable income for any individual press will not be large, but it could be steady; and since the scholarly texts were not earning anything on their own, the royalty payments will be pure gain.

Others, less concerned with the financial maneuvering, objected to the proposed Library on grounds of literary elitism: who were Epstein, Aaron, Poirier, et al. to say which American books anyone ought to read? Egalitarian principles, like a theory of progress, have a bizarre look when applied to literary history, and indeed some of the anti-elitists, in their wilder pronouncements, did sound (or so I gather) as if they were wittily engaged in self-parody. There is no rational response to this familiar foolishness, but behind it, in this case, there was a point worth pausing over.

It is perfectly true that no one today can say with any certainty which texts, which cultural embodiments, will be most honored half a century hence by those Americans who care about such things. What can be counted on is an irregular and recurring shift of literary taste and critical attention, and thus some alteration from time to time in the definition of a "literary classic." If the Library of America had been funded in 1920, say, it would not have included *Moby Dick* or anything else by Melville; it would at most have contained a few cautiously edited poems by Emily Dickinson, but probably nothing by Henry James later than "The Turn of the Screw." It is just possible that comparable masterworks in comparable abundance may lie hidden in dusty corners of earlier ages, to be brought to light by the pressure of changing cultural circumstances. For all sorts of reasons, so drastic a development seems unlikely; yet even as the present Library comes into existence, we are witnessing not altogether dissimilar processes—if not precisely of "discovery," at least of fairly radical reappraisal. To take the example closest to hand: the proliferation of writing in many modes by gifted black authors in recent decades, amid the social realignments of our time, has led to the enlarged prominence of figures like Frederick Douglass and W. E. B. DuBois. It has gradually made us aware that there is a black literary tradition, with its own influential literary classics, which stands in a dialectical relation to the American tradition in general.

THE LIBRARY of America seems to be on the alert to such changes in the canon. The criteria for inclusion are sensibly flexible, though it may take a while before special-interest groups are persuaded. The Library plans, over the next twenty-four months, volumes of Jefferson, Irving, Cooper, Poe, Emerson, Hawthorne, Melville, Whitman, Parkman, Stowe, Twain, Howells, Henry James, Henry Adams, Stephen Crane, and Jack London. Ultimately, there will be all of Mark Twain in six volumes and all of Hawthorne, Emerson, Melville, and Adams in four volumes each. (I remind the reader that a Library volume is the equivalent of three or four normal single volumes.) Of Henry James, the most tirelessly wordy of our great literary artists, eight volumes of fiction and criticism are currently planned; but that figure is likely to double, and then some, before James is done with.

Even with these familiar presences, there are some genuine treasures in store. The first of the Hawthorne volumes will be the only complete collection of his shorter fiction *ever made*; and the volume of Poe's critical and journalistic writings is said to be equally unique in its comprehensiveness. The two massive tomes of Henry James's criticism will make available commentary—for example, reviews of two books by Parkman in 1867 and 1874, and numerous articles on Victorian fiction and poetry—scarcely known about for a century, and snatched from obliv-

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ion just before the periodicals in which they appeared disintegrated. A volume that I particularly covet is the first of those devoted to Henry Adams, which brings together *The Education; Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres;* his two novels, *Democracy* and *Esther; Historical Essays;* and the poems "Buddha and Brahma" and "Prayer to the Virgin." Infinite riches, indeed, in a little room; I speak unabashedly as an academic when I dream-plan the college or graduate course that books like this will make possible.

The Library of America is conceived as a never-ending affair. It will, for one thing, be constantly expanding to include earlier writers beyond those just listed: Thoreau and Emily Dickinson, obviously (special editorial problems attend these two); and it will reach back into the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for the works of the Colonial and Puritan literati, and for Jonathan Edwards, John Woolman, and Benjamin Franklin. Frederick Douglass and W. E. B. DuBois, as I've indicated, are scheduled to make an early entry; I hope myself that the Douglass volume will include both the 1845 and the tellingly revised 1892 versions of his autobiography, as the Whitman volume has both the 1855 and the 1891-1892 *Leaves of Grass*. Pushing to the end of the century, there will be representations of Sarah Orne Jewett, Kate Chopin, Rose Terry Cooke, and Mary Wilkins Freeman—perhaps one stout volume could hold the best of these writers.

PHILOSOPHERS will be brought into the library: William James, in two superbly conceived volumes of individual essays and books given in the order of their publication; Charles Sanders Peirce, heretofore in every sense the most inaccessible of American philosophers; George Santayana; and if anyone can figure out how to handle him, John Dewey (classic undoubtedly, but literary?). The Fireside Poets will, I assume, show up; perhaps a volume to Whittier alone, and one for Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell together. Additional rubrics are being worked out: travel writing, for example (Americans like William Bartram and Zebulon Pike used to be very good at this, before the land was ours); writings about American architecture; the best of H. L. Mencken and our other literary journalists. I can imagine a splendid volume collecting many different kinds of writ-

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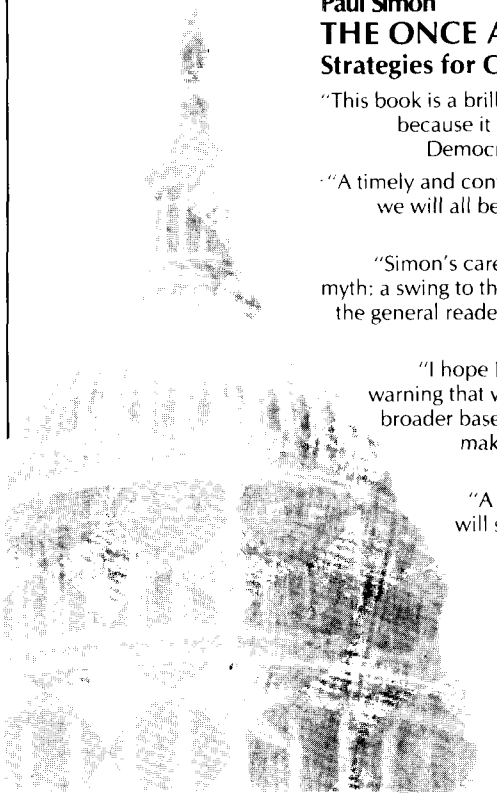

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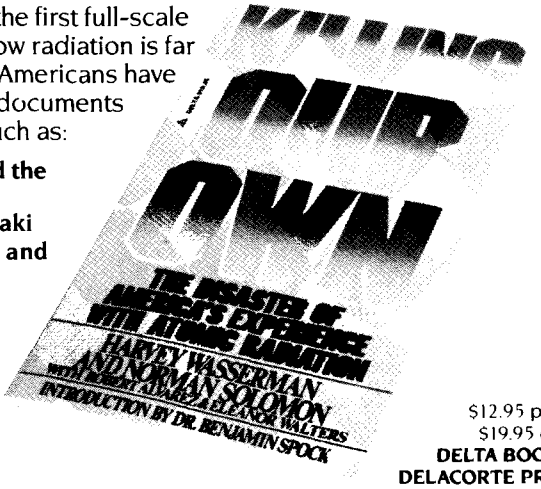

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ing about slavery; and I put in a vote for at least one volume displaying the art of letter-writing.

The Library's calendar calls on it to move at a calculated pace into the twentieth century. Preparation has begun for volumes of Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, Edith Wharton, and Willa Cather; and a weathered eye is being kept out for eventual Faulkner collections. With these and more recent writers, questions of copyright begin to arise. But there is the more important matter, especially with our modernists, of aesthetic distance: when and how (to borrow a distinction once made by Robert Penn Warren) does powerfully innovative writing move across the line from prophecy to art? There is no doubt that the major poets of the century—Eliot, Stevens, Frost, Hart Crane, Pound, Williams—will be included sooner or later. But one serious and enjoyable game is to guess which of our living or recently living writers, their hour come round at last, will finally be canonized. Names spring to mind, of course, and several congeries of names for collective volumes; but much will depend upon the cast of mind and the degree of literary tact of future selection committees.

WHATEVER writers are chosen, they will find themselves well displayed, and a brief word about this is in order. As designed by Bruce Campbell, an extremely talented artist, the Library of America volumes fulfill the dream of Edmund Wilson. They are a convenient handful, a bit less than eight inches by five inches, and average around 1,300 thin pages. Each opens easily, and, lying flat, remains open: always a concern of Edmund Wilson, who habitually read at breakfast; and a decided boon for all the rest of us. The volumes are clothbound in four different and equally lustrous colors; the title pages are delicately handsome; the typeface invites the eye. There is an air of permanence about the volumes, something so rare these days that one doesn't quickly recognize it. "These books are intended to last for generations," says a Library release, and goes on to speak of the acid-free, noncrumbling, and nonyellowing paper, with its long life expectancy.

For all the artistry involved, the Library is drawing upon the techniques of mass production. In 1982, a quarter of a million copies, all told, of the eight scheduled volumes will be printed by R. R. Donnelley and Company of Chicago. The large majority of sales will be to subscribers on the list of Time-Life Books which made a careful reckoning of possibilities last year and came up with a favorable verdict. About five thousand copies of each book are being distributed to bookstores by the Viking Press, and other channels for purchase are being opened.

The list price per volume is $25, and at news of this a colleague of mine shook his gray locks in doubt and sorrow; the price was much too high, he feared, for those most interested in buying. But the arithmetic should be studied. Students and Time-Life subscribers get the volumes at a reduced rate. In any given instance, you would probably spend as much or more for separate paperback copies of the texts involved—except that, as often as not, you would find that no other editions are in print. The Henry Adams volume referred to earlier is a case in point. You have to put out at least $17, as of this week, to buy paperbacks of *The Education* and *Mont-Saint-Michel* and a throwaway edition of *Democracy*. *Esther* is not in print, and neither is the rich collection of learned forays gathered together by Adams as *Historical Essays;* the two poems are virtually unknown.

The huge operation has moved forward with breathtaking speed. In the barely two-and-a-half years since the time of the N.E.H. grant in the autumn of 1979, the Librarians have actually brought into print and sent out for purchase four volumes, totaling 6,000 pages, with four more books being readied for next October. Nor is this remotely a slapdash editorial affair; on the contrary, the Library regards itself as engaged primarily in a publishing rather than an editing business. Even so, the Library texts, worked over endlessly from phase to phase of the process, may even to a modest degree be more accurate than the C.E.A.A. originals. Spot-checking the new Hawthorne volume, I noticed that a few typographical corrections had been made in the Ohio State text.

THE LIBRARY'S admirable achievement on the production line results from its firm decision that all the manuscript editing would be done in-house, at the Library's offices in Lincoln Plaza in New York City. To be sure, each author is assigned to an outside editor, usually an academic expert, and he or she, after numerous consultations, settles the contents of the individual volumes. The editor may also supply such notes and such skimpy comment as may be needed: all this is kept to a minimum by the Library. But everything else—the collating, the scrupulous checking of text against text, the enormous job of word-counting, the successive proofreadings, in short, the entire preparation of the manuscript for the printer—is done at headquarters. That place has no patience with academic timetables. Allen Tate, writing in support of the original Wilson proposal in 1962, surmised that the reason why an edition of our classics would never come out of the academy was that the typical academic scholar "takes ten years to edit ten pages." This was unrestrained Tatian hyperbole, but the track record is undeniably slow. The Librarians, not delayed by a hundred indecisions and revisions, get their business done with dispatch.

THE ATMOSPHERE in the Lincoln Plaza offices is one of busy harmony. Many individuals contribute to it, but especially those who are regularly on the scene. There is Daniel Aaron, the head of the whole show, angular and affable with a useful salting of the cantankerous, a wise and encyclopedically informed Americanist (he is the author of *Writers on the Left* and other books) who moves, and he moves a lot, with a long loping stride. There is his second in command, Richard Poirier, literally knowing to the nth degree (his book on Robert Frost is the best yet written), a filler of intellectual space, with a calm incredulity at the ways of his scholarly brethren. Aaron and Poirier are nudged and counseled by Jason Epstein, the only living begetter, who has so nearly been here before and doesn't quite dare believe what's happening. The copyreader supreme is Gila Bercovitch, who runs the assembly line whereon great swatches of Hawthornian or Melvillian manuscript are processed. But all of these will tell you that the key figure in the historic adventure is the executive director, Cheryl Hurley, who first came to the project as consultant for Roger Kennedy and the Ford Foundation, after seven years as a senior administrator and director of special programs at the M.L.A. From all accounts, it is Ms. Hurley's several skills that not only keep the machinery hum-

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ming but keep the books in such good order that an inspection team from the National Endowment for the Humanities is alleged to have been stunned.

The Library of America is well named: it is extraordinarily American in concept and impulse. It is as though—confronted by the fact that this country had lagged ignominiously behind others in the treatment of its classics—a company of dedicated Americans had vowed to outdo the world: to exploit American technological and publishing savvy to bring out the best and biggest, the finest looking, and the longest lasting edition of its kind ever made. But even more it is a characteristic American drama of resilience, a testimony to why we needn't lose faith in the native potential. While our American culture is being systematically and yahooistically dismantled elsewhere on the landscape, here at the exact same moment it is being lovingly recreated.

BAD PRESS

Bitter Fruit: The Untold Story of the American Coup in Guatemala by Stephen Schlesinger and Stephen Kinzer

(Doubleday, 320 pp., $16.95)

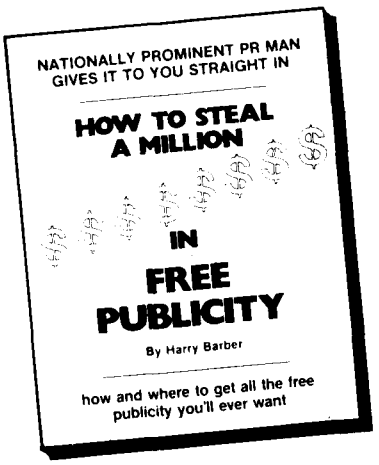
Americans like to think they abandoned the politics of empire long ago, and are now concerned only with the noble goal of trying—sometimes unsuccessfully—to foster democratic systems in countries where elites and rulers have other ideas. It has become a cherished myth that in the Western Hemisphere we are sadly forced to put up with right-wing dictators in order to forestall a more serious threat from the totalitarian left, waiting in the wings. Thus Franklin Delano Roosevelt once characterized the Nicaraguan dictator Somoza as "an s.o.b., but our s.o.b."; and John F. Kennedy said he desired a democratic regime in the Dominican Republic, but that we couldn't renounce Trujillo "until we are sure that we can avoid" a Castro-type government.

Yet, in the Guatemala coup of 1954, the Eisenhower Administration moved to overthrow precisely the kind of left-centrist reform government we have supposedly always preferred. By almost all accounts, Jacobo Arbenz's regime, elected in 1950 with 65 percent of the votes cast, was a democratic left-leaning administration, serious about modernizing a backward country and promoting both urban and rural reform. And Arbenz was candid in understanding that some of the measures his government sought to take would have an adverse affect on the country's most powerful corporation, the Boston-based United Fruit Company.

And so the Central Intelligence Agency ran its "Operation Success," which quickly and cheaply succeeded in forcing Arbenz to resign and flee his country, putting in his place one Castillo Armas—a right-wing officer who had escaped from prison (where he had been serving a sentence for attempting a coup). His invasion force numbered only four hundred and was on the verge of total collapse when it was saved militarily by bombings carried out by American mercenaries, and saved diplomatically by various "disinformation" techniques.

The general outlines of the CIA-directed invasion have been known for years. The radical North American Congress on Latin America prepared a study of the event some years ago, and such radical scholars as Richard J. Barnet and David Horowitz have written about it. But no one has told the entire story with such drama, detail, and power as Stephen Schlesinger and Stephen Kinzer.

Why did the U.S. drive Arbenz from power? The authors describe him as a reform-minded nationalist who eschewed ideology—and who demonstrated by deed that he wanted to reform Guatemalan society. The answer given at the time by John Foster Dulles and Allen Dulles was that the U.S. could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not risk a Soviet state in the Western Hemisphere; that if Guatemala fell other nations in the region would follow, and that Guatemala would become a base of operations for Soviet seizure of the Panama Canal. This latter claim, the authors note in a bit of understatement, was "difficult to sustain." Guatemala had no links to the Soviet Union; no secret ties to the Soviets were ever established after Arbenz's collapse, and Guatemala was almost 1,000 miles and several nations from the canal. Finally, it had a tiny and creaky air force.

What was really behind the coup, the authors argue, was the pervasive influence of the United Fruit Company, a firm that for all practical purposes owned Guatemala, on the Eisenhower Administration. What United Fruit feared most were the first serious steps toward land reform, in particular the expropriation of thousands of acres of unused company property. Arbenz offered full compensation at rates proposed by the company itself, but his offer was rejected as too low. For tax purposes, United Fruit had always undervalued the land's worth. Having cheated Guatemala, it was not about to be cheated in turn.

The authors are careful to point out that the coup was not a simple CIA covert action meant to help out a dissident movement with roots in Guatemala. Rather, it was an action forged at the highest levels of government, carried out at the suggestion and with the help of United Fruit. Schlesinger and Kinzer emphasize the deep ties of American political leaders to United Fruit. The Dulles brothers' old law firm had the company as a client. Assistant Secretary of State John Moors Cabot belonged to a family that had stock in the firm; indeed, his own brother had been a president of United Fruit. The President's personal secretary, Anne Whitman, was married to United Fruit's director of publicity, and Ambassador Walter Bedell Smith—inspector general of the Central Intelligence Agency—was seeking an executive position with United Fruit while planning the coup. Schlesinger and Kinzer write:

> Thus many significant figures behind the Guatemalan coup were intimately acquainted with high Fruit Company executives and naturally favored their views over those of a Central American government whose 'communism' they publicly abhorred.

IN MY VIEW, the authors put too much stress on the role and influence of United Fruit on American policy, and downplay the general ideological and political motivations of the coup. They are correct in detailing the effort made by United Fruit. But it is certainly a possibility that Dulles and others in the State Department were as concerned with stopping any perceived revolutionary threat to the American system as with lining the pockets of United Fruit. For development of this ideological and geopolitical line of analysis, we shall have to wait for Richard Immerman's forthcoming account of the coup, *The CIA in Guatemala: The Foreign Policy of Intevention* (University of Texas Press).

A great value of *Bitter Fruit* is its concentration on the pro-intervention coverage of the U.S. press that led U.S. citizens to believe that a ragtag "army" led by CIA agents was actually a powerful force representing the Guatemalan people. The authors show how Edward Bernays, the great marketing genius and nephew of Sigmund Freud—"a short, dynamic huckster with a vivacious charm and an ego the width of several banana plantations"—developed a strategy to win the hearts and minds of the press. Bernays, who once wrote that "the conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society," knew just how to carry out

WILD GRATITUDE

Tonight when I knelt down next to our cat, Zooey,
And put my fingers into her clean cat's mouth,
And rubbed her swollen belly that will never know kittens,
And watched her wriggle onto her side, pawing the air,
And listened to her solemn little squeals of delight,
I was thinking about the poet, Christopher Smart,
Who wanted to kneel down and pray without ceasing
In every one of the splintered London streets,

And was locked away in the madhouse at St. Luke's
With his sad religious mania, and his wild gratitude,
And his grave prayers for the other lunatics,
And his great love for his speckled cat, Jeoffry.
All day today—August 13, 1981—I remembered how
Christopher Smart blessed this same day in August, 1759,
For its calm bravery and ordinary good conscience.

This was the day that he blessed the Postmaster general
"And all conveyancers of letters" for their warm humanity,
And the gardeners for their private benevolence
And intricate knowledge of the language of flowers,
And the milkmen for their universal human kindness.
This morning I understood that he loved to hear—
As I have heard—the soft clink of milk bottles
On the rickety stairs in the early morning,

And how terrible it must have seemed
When even this small pleasure was denied him.
But it wasn't until tonight when I knelt down
And slipped my hand into Zooey's waggling mouth
That I remembered how he had called Jeoffrey "the servant
Of the living God duly and daily serving Him,"
And for the first time understood what it meant.
Because it wasn't until I saw my own cat

Whine and roll over on her fluffy back
That I realized how gratefully he had watched
Jeoffry fetch and carry his wooden cork
Across the grass in the wet garden, patiently
Jumping over a high stick, or calmly sharpening
His claws on the woodpile, rubbing his nose
Against the nose of another cat, stretching, or
Slowly stalking his traditional enemy, the mouse,
A rodent, "a creature of great personal valour,"
And then dallying so much that his enemy escaped.

And only then did I understand
It is Jeoffry—and every creature like him—
Who can teach us how to praise—purring
In their own language,
Wreathing themselves in the living fire.

EDWARD HIRSCH

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that form of manipulation in Guatemala.

His chief ploy was United Fruit's own version of Potemkin Village tours—forays in which newsmen received all-expense-paid trips to Guatemala, where Bernays and his staff "shepherded [them] on elaborately choreographed trips of Fruit Company facilities," with Bernays depicting the company "as a beleaguered progressive institution" under attack by Communists. This red-carpet bribery paid off. The *New York Herald Tribune* ran a series of articles by Fitzhugh Turner based entirely on conversations with United Fruit officials; Arthur Hays Sulzberger sent *New York Times* correspondent Crede H. Calhoun, who dutifully reported on the Red influence in the country. Bernays dubbed his articles "masterpieces of objective reporting." And such notables in the profession as Sydney Gruson and Harry Schwarz—characterized by their colleague Herbert Matthews as "God's gift to the United Fruit Company"—offered *Times* readers more glowing accounts of United Fruit, juxtaposed with negative evaluations of the Arbenz government. Schwartz even printed a classic piece of disinformation planted by Bernays—that a secret "school for Red agents" in Prague was teaching subversion methods to Guatemalans. But perhaps the august *Christian Science Monitor* should take the prize for service to United Fruit. Its series on Guatemala was written by Ed Whitman, the firm's director of publicity.

FOR THE LIBERAL community, Bernays used the old social-democratic *New Leader*. Its executive editor, Sol Levitas (once mayor of Vladivostok), got United Fruit to take out charity ads at a high rate of $1,000 a page. The magazine then began to run articles attacking Arbenz and defending United Fruit. Managing editor Daniel James excelled at this task and offered an ideological rationale for overthrowing the Arbenz regime: Communists controlled it and were behind the land reform program. United Fruit distributed his articles gratis to scores of correspondents. These stories, the authors note, "made a vivid impression on the U.S. liberal community."

The picture that emerges is one of close business-government-press cooperation meant to develop strong public sentiment against Arbenz, and to prepare Americans for the right reaction to the coup. When Ambassador John Puerifoy complained that Gruson's new reports indicated that Guatemalans were rallying around Arbenz for reasons of patriotism, Allen Dulles told the *Times*'s business manager that he suspected Gruson held "liberal leanings." Publisher Sulzberger obliged: Gruson was ordered out of the country to pursue a bogus story.

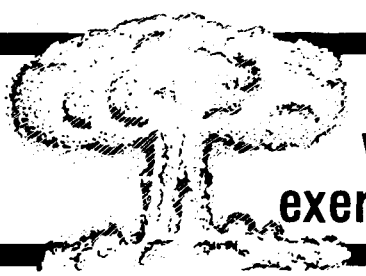
The State Department hoped that "Operation Success" would produce a stable Guatemala, safe from Communism and hospitable to the needs of United Fruit and other corporations. The long-term results were somewhat different. "Movements toward peaceful reform in the region were set back," Schlesinger and Kinzer write, "dictators strengthened and encouraged." Those desiring social change were forced to support guerrilla warfare. The crushing of Guatemalan democracy led to the creation of a strong Marxist-Leninist guerrilla force—precisely what the coup was supposed to avoid. Today, Schlesinger and Kinzer explain, the quality of life in Guatemala has seriously deteriorated since the Arbenz era. Ten percent of the people still own over 80 percent of the land. Peasants spend their working days on large plantations for starvation wages. One-third of the people suffer from undernourishment.

The authors do not mince words in their conclusion:

> The age old alliance of the rich and the military regained its hold in Guatemala, ruling through a series of corrupt regimes, uninterested in national development or improving the lives of its poor majority.

The cycle of violence continues, the bitter fruit of the coup carried out by the Eisenhower Administration in 1954. Sitting in Guatemala during those days was a twenty-five-year-old Argentine medical doctor, who had moved to Guatemala out of sympathy for Arbenz's reformist goals. His name was Che Guevara. The lessons he learned from that experience are all too clear.

In moving to destroy Communism, the CIA and the Eisenhower Administration crushed the only real democrats in Guatemala—an action which strengthened the appeal of once-isolated Marx-



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ist-Leninists. Now, in the 1980s, even the previously passive Indians of Guatemala are swelling the ranks of the Guerrilla Army of the Poor. Having been defeated in the 1960s counterinsurgency effort, this guerrilla force is avoiding mass conflict for now, sinking deep roots among the population. With the Reagan Administration seeking a way to increase military aid to the Guatemalan Army, there is no end to the violence in sight.

RONALD RADOSH

Ronald Radosh is a co-editor of *El Salvador: Central America in the New Cold War* (Grove Press) and co-author of a forthcoming book on the Rosenberg case.

SCOURGE OF THE CONVENTIONAL

The Collected Philosophical Papers of G. E. M. Anscombe

Volume I: From Parmenides to Wittgenstein

(University of Minnesota Press, 152 pp., $25, $9.95 paper)

Volume II: Metaphysics and the Philosophy of Mind

(University of Minnesota Press, 249 pp., $32.50, $11.95 paper)

Volume III: Ethics, Religion and Politics

(University of Minnesota Press, 170 pp., $27.50, $10.95 paper)

When Elizabeth Anscombe was appointed to the chair of philosophy at Cambridge more than ten years ago, there was a general feeling among philosophers in Britain and North America that Cambridge had done well. She was simply the most distinguished, intellectually formidable, original, and troublesome philosopher in sight.

The publication of Anscombe's collected philosophical papers is a great event. Here are three good-looking volumes to be put on the shelf next to her *Intention, An Introduction to Wittgenstein's Tractatus,* and *Three Philosophers* (written with Peter Geach). The papers are evidence of a consistency of method and a unity of style (not something stuck on as decoration but, as it were, enacting the thought), and would pose a problem for a textual critic called upon to date them from stylistic evidence alone. The earliest paper, a severe examination of chapter three of the first edition of C. S. Lewis's *Miracles* (his argument was that "naturalism" is self-refuting), and the wonderful papers of the last ten years, mainly devoted to the topics of causality and time (papers of which Professor Hilary Putnam said that "she leaves the standard position . . . looking like Pompeii after Vesuvius") show the same command of a bright, dry eloquence, a rhetoric as clear as the intricacies of the subject matters admit.

Anscombe was moved to philosophical reflection by worries over causality and by problems about perception. She tells us, in her introduction to the second volume of this collection, that

> [f]or years I would spend time . . . staring at objects saying to myself: 'I see a packet. But what do I really see? How can I say that I see here anything more than a yellow expanse?'

As an undergraduate, she found H. H. Price's lectures on perception the most exciting piece of public philosophizing to be had at Oxford. The present reviewer, an undergraduate at the end of the 1920s and the beginning of the 1930s, also found, almost ten years before Anscombe, Price's lectures a bright candle in a dark world. Philosophically, Oxford was still, on the whole, regretting the end of Idealism, though some of those who had shaped the thought of the older generation—such men as Edgar F. Carritt and Harold A. Prichard—were not Idealists and perhaps, with their passion for close analysis, were precursors of that later Oxford, in which Ryle and Austin, and Anscombe herself, were to set the tone. But when I was an undergraduate, and in some degree when Anscombe was too, Oxford was a provincial place, drowsily ignorant of that world in which Russell and Wittgenstein coruscated. And it was in Wittgenstein's classes in 1944 that, as Anscombe puts it, the aching nerve of phenomenalism (crudely, the thesis that physical objects are logical constructions out of sensible appearances, the latter being the only data we have to work with) was extracted.

In style and temper she most resembles, of all philosophers who have written in English, Thomas Hobbes, though there is no touch of pastiche in her writing. I find in her the same combination of clarity with a sense of the obstinate, hard-to-be-bottomed character of the big philosophical problems. She doesn't try for the magnificence that sometimes leaps at us from the pages of *Leviathan,* and she is very far from Hobbes in matters of doctrine—philosophical, political, and religious; but I think the resemblance is there. Certainly her discourse is very different from what has often been taken to be the exemplary idiom of modern philosophy in English: the surface lucidity of the empiricist tradition that culminates in Bertrand Russell and A. J. Ayer. From them one gets the idea that philosophy is difficult, but the difficulty is one of finding out what is "given" and what, founded upon the given, is a matter of human construction and argument. But once the given has been delimited and stated, then, in principle, thought has a clear run in every direction.

THE NONSPECIALIST reader will be inclined to skip the first two volumes of the collection and go straight to the third. This would be a pity—a pleasure would be missed—and a mistake, for the astringency of argument of the pieces in the third volume can only be fully appreciated after some experience of Anscombe's way of proceeding in the first two. The best thing to do is to plunge into the first two volumes and to try to pick up what she is doing. For to attempt to offer a secondhand, simpler explanation of her enterprise would only filter out the difficulty and take away the substance of the thought. Guides to philosophy for

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people who want to understand philosophical problems come in many varieties: there are contributions to philosophy, as in the case of Russell's *Problems of Philosophy*, known to many generations of undergraduates; there are attempts to state what this or that philosopher really meant—these are rarely impressive and tend to avoid the question "Is what X really meant true or false?"; there are exhibitions of dandyism, in which the philosopher or doctrine is a mere peg on which to hang a picture of one's own virtuosity (I don't wish to suggest there is anything vicious about this kind of writing); there are pieces of historical exegesis; there are pieces of uplift that turn out to be vacuous; and so on.

In general, it is no more possible to state what a given philosopher is about than it is to give the substance of the poem outside the poem. The parallel isn't exact, for one can say with confidence in many cases that whatever is true of a given philosophic text, one particular interpretation is glaringly false (for example, the common assertion today that Kant thought the mind applied space, time, and the categories to appearances—a claim that is plainly false). But the parallel brings out the truism that Berkeley's theory of ideas is to be found in the *Principles* and the *Three Dialogues*, and not in the pages of some guide or textbook. (It is disgraceful that in some North American universities undergraduates are taught from textbooks; they may never come across a genuine piece of philosophy firsthand.)

BUT I HAVEN'T spoken at all of the art of commentary, something Anscombe is very good at, as in her work on Wittgenstein's *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* and in the essays in Volume I. A good commentary is an elucidation of the text, an examination of the problems that come out of a given text, and not a presumptuous attempt to give us the meat of the text without the enclosing and sustaining skin.

One might begin one's reading of Anscombe with "Necessity and Truth" (Volume I). This is a revision of a piece written for the *Times Literary Supplement* in 1965 to salute the beginning of a new translation (just now completed) of Thomas Aquinas's *Summa Theologiae*. She uses the occasion to discuss the connections between the concepts of necessity and truth, questions that come out of Greek philosophy and about which Aquinas had something to say. In the course of her examination of the puzzles that confront us when we reflect upon certain ways of speaking about what it is to know something, to say that something is true, to say that something is necessarily true, and that necessarily something is true, she explains how contemporary philosophy is in many respects closer to the ancients and medievals than it is to, say, Kant and Hegel. (This wouldn't be true of European philosophy, which is still chewing the Hegelian cud.)

> There are doubtless many points which go together to form this situation; but if the reviewer were challenged to name what most strikes him [sic] he would point to the eclipse in recent philosophy of the notion of the 'the given'. . . . Asked what was given, a present-day English speaking philosopher would be very likely to say 'the lot'. We start *mediis in rebus*; our philosophic activity is one of describing and clarifying this milieu to ourselves. What we believe to exist we credit and what we do not believe to exist we discredit, not on grounds of any *a priori* conception of knowledge, language, meaning and truth. On what grounds, then? Why do we not, if we do not, believe in the Evil Eye? . . . It is to be feared that the reason is often, largely, because the people round us do not. . . . So we accept common views, or remain in views not arrived at by philosophy while we work at concepts.

This may strike us as a bit like the "under-labourer" notion of the philosopher's task. ("In an age that produces such masters as . . . the incomparable Mr. *Newton*, with some others of that strain, it is ambition enough to be employed as an under-labourer in clearing ground a little," wrote Locke in "The Epistle to the Reader," *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding*.) But Anscombe's feeling of limitation is genuine (for an example of a case in which she feels she can't go as far as she would like, simply because she thinks not enough work has yet been done, see "Modern Moral Philosophy," Volume III), whereas what Locke writes is an affectation. He really thinks he has given philosophy a new start, as Descartes had thought before him, and as Hume and Kant were to think after him;

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Judy Tatelbaum

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In the Spring '82 issue of Foreign Affairs, Bundy, Kennan, McNamara and Smith explain why NATO's policy, since 1949, of Nuclear First Strike could be wrong.

Dead wrong.

McGeorge Bundy was Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs from 1961 to 1966 and President of the Ford Foundation from 1966 to mid-1979. He is currently Professor of History at New York University.

George F. Kennan is Professor Emeritus at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton. He was U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, 1952, and to Yugoslavia, 1961-63, and is the author of *Soviet-American Relations, 1917-20* (2 Vols.); *Memoirs* (2 Vols.) and other works.

Robert S. McNamara was Secretary of Defense from 1961 to 1968 and President of the World Bank from 1968 to mid-1981.

Gerard Smith was Chief of the U.S. Delegation to the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks (SALT) from 1969 to 1972, and is the author of *Doubletalk: The Story of Salt I.* He also served as Special Assistant to the Secretary of State for atomic energy affairs (1954-57), Director of the Policy Planning Staff of the Department of State (1957-61), a full-time consultant on the Multilateral Force (1961-64), and Ambassador at Large and Special Presidential Representative for nonproliferation matters (1977-80).

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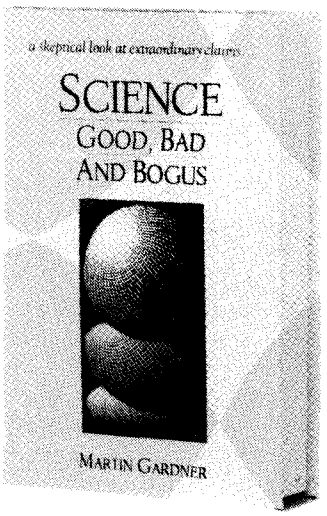
and as radical empiricists, with their talk about irreducible sense data, protocol-statements, and so on, thought they had done the day before yesterday. Anscombe represents a departure from this whole way of doing philosophy, this search for the irreducibly given. And of course the philosopher from whom she has learned most, after the ancients and the medievals, is Wittgenstein. She renders in an austere mode some of those features of Wittgenstein's procedures that are rendered otherwise by some of her contemporaries: in the Lydian mode by John Wisdom, boisterously by Gilbert Ryle, gnomically by Rush Rhees.

A REVIEWER ought to say what he thinks to be the finest work in these volumes. I should pick out the following: " 'Whatever has a beginning of Existence has a Cause'—Hume's Argument Exposed," "Will and Emotion," "The Question of Linguistic Idealism" —all in Volume I; in Volume II all the essays in Part Three on causality and time; and in Volume III, "War and Murder," "Mr. Truman's Degree," "Faith," and "On the Source of the Authority of the State." I wouldn't argue against other choices, I may be influenced by my peculiar interests, and I am not at all confident that I may not have missed out on some of her most important work. I am certain that nothing I have listed is trivial; no one who reads these essays will have wasted time.

"The Question of Linguistic Idealism" strikes me as especially important and searching. It addresses, and in part clears away, a difficulty many readers of Wittgenstein have. In his later writing, especially in the *Philosophical Investigations* and *On Certainty*, he could plausibly be taken as saying that it makes no sense to ask which very general picture of how things are is correct, since our criteria for deciding about correctness are derived from the picture. Here "picture" has to be understood as a very large, and open, set of linguistic and social practices that together constitute a certain way of taking the world. There is, for example, the outlook on the world of nature characteristic of modern natural science and technology; and there is the very different view characteristic of a "primitive" people, say, Evans-Pritchard's Azande, who attribute accidental deaths to witchcraft, who settle who the witch is by consulting the chicken oracle, and who, without denying the ordinary material causes of accidental death (e.g., termites bring it about that huts collapse), claim to be able to provide a more complete explanation than can the Europeans. Again, it has often seemed that Wittgenstein is arguing that "grammar" settles how things are, and that this implies that there couldn't have been, for instance, a colored world or a world in which there were horses had there not been men around to talk about colors or horses. This seems false, and it is unlikely that it is what Wittgenstein meant. What, then, does he mean by his thesis about "grammar"? Anscombe's essay is the steadiest example I know of an examination of these issues.

Anscombe was a convert to Catholicism at an early age and has never been silent about her beliefs and what she thinks these beliefs commit her to. In the third volume some of the premises of her arguments come from her beliefs, as do many of the central points of interest. What is enormously worth noting, in the present intellectual and political atmosphere of North America, is her failure to answer to common views of what is to be expected of one who is a Catholic, a philosopher of note, and a woman interested in moral and political issues. We are inclined to think that ideas are stuck together in the way a syndrome is. We suppose, to take a not too bizarre example (though our not seeing it as bizarre may strike those outside our culture and time as curious), that one who is in favor of some version of animal liberation and of abortion on demand will also be against capital punishment for murder, for harsh sentences on rapists but not on murderers or robbers, for unilateral disarmament, and against laissez-faire in social policy. We can easily construct an opposing syndrome. Here is a cheerful Bible-worshipping eater of meat, who is against gun control and abortion, for capital punishment, and morally untroubled by the prospect of taking out enemy cities with nuclear weapons. My guess is that whatever causes these sets of attitudes to stick together is not a logical compulsion. This need not be argued. That such syndromes are common is evident; and it is true that if we know of a given man that he thinks A, B, and C, we shall often be right in concluding that he also thinks D, E, and F. Indeed, we may be right so often that we may fall into the thought that there is a consistency in holding certain constellations of views.

SCIENCE: GOOD, BAD AND BOGUS
by Martin Gardner



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To attend to some of the pieces in Volume III is to be aware that Anscombe is a glorious example of a different way of assembling thoughts. (This isn't to claim that she is right, but that she thinks through certain issues both individually and as a connected set.) She is against abortion and against mechanical and chemical means of contraception and also against the possession of nuclear weapons and their use on all likely targets; she is against pacifism but thinks most modern wars murderous and therefore to be rejected in conscience; she is for the right of self-defense but holds that it is unjust for the individual to aim at killing his attacker. And so on. If we look at the ensemble of her moral and political views, we see that she is a careful thinker, careful in the choice of premises and in the framing of arguments connected to them. And this shows us that a careful thinker —whatever the premises of argument— will most likely come up with something that conflicts with our common expectations. Conservatives and progressives both have reason to flinch from her arguments and to think she threatens what they hold dear. The anger she is able to provoke has something in common with the rage of the Athenians against Socrates. That she has no reason today to fear Athenian penalties may not be a sign of how much better we now are, but rather a sign of our empty confusion.

J. M. CAMERON

J. M. Cameron is professor emeritus of English and philosophy at the University of Toronto, and author of *Images of Authority* (Yale University Press), among other books.

TONGUES OF THE LAND

Irish Poetry after Yeats: Seven Poets
edited by Maurice Harmon

(Little, Brown, 231 pp., $13.95, $8.95 paper)

Who is the best Irish poet after Yeats? Patrick Kavanaugh (1905–1967), even though he did waste too much time drinking and coughing in McDaid's off Grafton Street and overworked the persona of bardic fool; and perhaps his narrowly pietistic outlook detracted some from the rich gifts he offered to a modern Irish culture, itself ever threatened with provincialism and clerical domination. After Kavanaugh, who? It would have to be Austin Clarke (1896–1974). His mordant exposé of Dublin's politicized religious life—or is it religicized political life?—in "Burial of an Irish President," and his even more mordant exposé of the Dublin religious establishment in "Martha Blake at Fifty-One," are masterpieces, all the more powerful for having been done by a Roman Catholic insider. Equally impressive are the excerpts from "Mnemosyne Lay in Dust" (1966) included here. This is a long, multisectioned poem about the poet's prolonged nervous crisis (he suffered total amnesia for a year or so). It is worthy of Clarke's Dublin predecessor, Jonathan Swift, who wrote with comparable candor on a comparable dilemma. Fittingly, Clarke's wonderful tribute to the Dean of St. Patrick's, "A Sermon on Swift," closes his selection in this well-chosen and timely anthology, edited and introduced by the professor of Anglo-Irish literature at University College, Dublin, Maurice Harmon.

The remaining five poets included are Richard Murphy (b. 1927), Seamus Heaney (b. 1939), Thomas Kinsella (b. 1928), John Montague (b. 1929), and Denis Devlin (1908–1959), and this is also a rank order of accomplishment. Heaney nowadays is at the top of everyone's list, although this reviewer has begun to find him somewhat pat and predictable. He is too much a master of that punchy mid-Atlantic style that mixes the conceited with the historical (or prehistorical, in Heaney's case) and the autobiographical, which derives from the late Robert Lowell. In his big poem, "At a Potato Digging," *of course* the dug potatoes have to remind the speaker of "live skulls," and subsequently of the Great Famine in " 'forty-five" (though the famine was much worse during 1846 and 1847). And the earth out of which potatoes are currently being grubbed by mechanical means has to be called "bitch" and "faithless" merely for the purpose of keeping the rhetoric of the poem on the boil. Still, "At a Potato Digging" is an impressive performance in other respects, and displays Heaney's very obvious gifts.

ABOUT Denis Devlin the same cannot be said. This diplomat-poet had a tin ear for the speech sounds of poetry and a leaden sense of verse rhythm. He chose to write about love, religion, and the enigmas of history and civilization in a clotted style that is rather reminiscent of the bad British surrealist and "New Apocalypse" poets of the late 1930s. I have been trying to get through his "Lough Derg" for years. I can only report that he has managed the difficult feat of making this bizarre and atmospheric place of religious pilgrimage in Donegal (which Dante seems to have known about, and which first appears in Irish literature about a hundred and fifty years back when William Carleton published his superb story, "The Lough Derg Pilgrim") seem merely boring and parochial.

Devlin was Professor Harmon's only error of choice, although I suspect that his inclusion will not seem an error at all to many native Irish readers. Yet far better for us American readers would have been the choice of Louis MacNeice, who happens to be Devlin's almost exact contemporary. That MacNeice *is* an Irish poet can be shown by the most casual perusal of *The Collected MacNeice*. For a start, there are those Northern Irish heart-cries, "Carrickfergus" and "Carrick Revisited." Besides, Maurice Harmon gives the game away by including MacNeice in his "Select Bibliography of Twentieth Century Irish Poetry" at the end of the volume. This useful list gives ninety-six poets of whom—shockingly—only four are women. If there is any residual provinciality in contemporary Irish letters it must lie in the ungenerous failure to make room for and positively encourage female talent.

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Richard Murphy ranks high, though he is perhaps not as well known in this country as Heaney and Kinsella. A member of the Anglo-Irish Protestant remnant, he lived, until recently, in remotest Connemara, where he renovated and sailed the old lugger celebrated in "The Last Galway Hooker," and adventured among the islands, sea-birds, and seals which appear in the poems of his first three collections. Murphy has a gift for pure narrative in verse that is virtually unique among poets now writing in English, and is a magnificent reader of poetry aloud as well. It's a memorable experience to hear him read such a work as "Pat Cloherty's Version of *The Maisie*," a swift, terrible account in vernacular idiom of a sea disaster off Mayo in which all hands were lost, along with a woman passenger:

At noon the storm ceased
and we heard *The Maisie*'d foundered
high upon a Mayo strand

The woman came up from the forecastle
she came up alone on deck
and a great heave cast her out on
shore

And another heave came while she
drowned
and put her on her knees
like a person'd be in prayer

That's the way the people found her
and the sea never came in
near that mark no more . . .

OTHER FINE works by Murphy included in the collection are "Seals at High Island"; the first section of his brilliant historical recreation, "The Battle of Aughrim," which the BBC has produced and recorded as a verse drama; and a lovely poem, new to me, about his maternal grandmother, "Lucy Mary Ormsby whose home was in the west of Ireland 1873–1958." Best of all, to my taste, is "Stormpetrel," a brief lyric in stanzas which begins:

Gypsy of the sea
In winter wambling over scurvy
whaleroads,
Jooking in the wake of ships,
A sailor hooks you
And carves his girls name on your beak.

It ends:

Pulse of the rock
You throb till daybreak on your cryptic
nest
A song older than fossils,
Ephemeral as thrift.
It ends with a gasp.

Now that Murphy has moved cross country to Dalkey Village, on the southern arm of Dublin Bay, it will be most interesting to see how and whether the throb of *his* song is altered.

But the more familiar poet associated with this south-of-Dublin shoreline is Thomas Kinsella, who currently divides his time between his home at Sandycove and an academic post in America. Kinsella's most ambitious work, "Nightwalker," develops its meditative themes around a night prowl along the Sandycove *plage* near the Joyce Tower, and its last line, "I think this is the Sea of Disappointment," sounds a discord running through much of his poetry. A former Dubin civil servant, Kinsella is disappointed by the low level of culture and quality of life available in the Irish society from the period of the founding of the Free State onward. His lines hint at various political chicaneries, sellouts, and acts of treachery and malfeasance implicating historic figures, including an archbishop or two. But there is always the sense that it would be a violation (and of course not very Irish) to name names and call a spade the gore-spattered burial shovel, as it so often has been in the real history of Ireland since Easter Week. And so we get the poet's mind recoiling on itself: "Morose condemnation . . . / It is a weakness, and turns on itself."

Other notable Kinsella poems are "Tear," in which a small boy, filled with fear and revulsion though with love as well, is sent into a dismal chamber of the dying to give his grandmother a last kiss; and "Finistère," which imagines an early voyage of exploration from the European mainland to the mysterious western island in the unknown ocean which, a few millenia later, would be known as Ireland. The latter poem shares with many poems by Heaney a fascination for remote origins and prehistoric roots. This interest seems to me to reflect a despair of negotiating the contemporary Irish scene with its grim economic intractabilities in the south and its bloody deadlock of forces and ideas north of the border.

FINALLY, there is John Montague, whose origins, like Heaney's, lie in the North, yet whose poetry is anything but parochial, for its scenes range from Ulster farms through Dublin and Parisian streets and neighborhoods to California gardens and the Irish-American burial section of "A Graveyard in Queens." He is a writer of great sophistication and even elegance, *viz.* "A Severed Head." He is also probably the most consistently *pleasing* of the seven poets—and we do want our Irish poets to be pleasing, don't we? To me, however, he does not always seem to put his talents sufficiently under pressure to create the poems of which he is truly capable. "The Wild Dog Rose," for example, is about surviving in the deep loneliness of the Irish countryside, about rural violence and the attempted or actual rape of an elderly lone-dwelling spinster. The beautiful last lines, describing the thornless dog rose, are supposed to illuminate the plight of the violated woman. Instead, they act as a stylish cover-up. Montague is so good one wants him to be even better. No doubt he will be in time.

MAURICE HARMON'S long and thoughtful introduction remarks on the situation in Irish poetry at the death of Yeats in 1939 and goes on to describe how each of these poets fought free of the overwhelming authority and influence of Yeats, clearing a place where he could speak in his own voice. These are very impressive writers, masters of their craft, various and far-ranging in their themes and poetic projects. It is an unfortunate fact that the rather mindless overemphasis on Yeats in modern poetry criticism has left his successors too little known and appreciated outside Ireland. This anthology goes a long way toward righting a wrong.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN

Julian Moynahan's novel, *Where the Land and Water Meet*, was published by Morrow. He is writing a new novel and also a book-length study of Anglo-Irish literature of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

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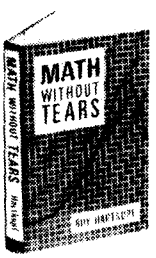

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 8*

supposedly credulous public. To put off stopping the arms race in nuclear weapons and their delivery systems until equality has been reached simply means to continue the arms race; those in the business of evaluating that elusive concept of strategic "equality" or "inferiority" will never, on their own, cease to point out or make up some aspect of the arms race in which the U.S. lags behind the U.S.S.R. The Jackson-Warner proposal puts both a freeze and reduction of nuclear arms in the realm of Never-Never-Land, where our nuclear strategists presently reside.

Although the author's checklist of arguments against an immediate freeze is lengthy, he makes his case principally with arguments about verifiability of a freeze treaty and present vulnerability of U.S. ICBMs; these arguments should not go unchallenged.

First, the author contends that a freeze treaty is unverifiable, since the Russians do not allow on-site inspection, and since on-site inspection is exceedingly important to verification. The Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty of 1978 allowed the placement of American seismic detectors on Russian soil, and provided for on-site inspection under specified circumstances. Even without on-site inspection, the United States has been able to monitor Soviet activity at design and production facilities well enough to "predict every ICBM before it began its tests," according to Defense Department Under Secretary Perry, during SALT II hearings. This kind of success is made possible by intense satellite surveillance; such surveillance could even more easily detect the presence of illegal production given a requirement of nonproduction imposed by a freeze treaty.

Estimates of U.S. ICBM vulnerability must be based on assessments of Russian missile accuracy, an exercise whose difficulty may be gauged by the difficulty in extrapolating from American missile tests their wartime performance expectation. Such tests apparently fire randomly chosen, single missiles westward at targets in the Pacific. Results from such tests could only provide the roughest notion of how accurate an actual nuclear attack on Russian silos would be. Such an attack would feature perhaps hundreds of missiles flying along previously untested, transarctic trajectories, doubtless buffeted by explosions and atmospheric turbulence, and with the error introduced by any one of these factors magnified greatly by the earth's rotation. To pretend to be able to predict anything about such a breathtakingly risky attack is absurd, and it is doubly naive to believe such pretensions about the capabilities of the Soviet Union.

THOMAS NEPHEW
Davis, California

DIRECT FEMALE

To the editors:

In your last letter to me, you opened with the heart-rending cry, "You needed us before, surely you need us still." This message, printed on the envelope on the side with my address, couldn't be missed. Well, TNR, I may need you still, but it's time to grow on my own, without you. Yes, it's true: I'm seeing other magazines.

You've changed dramatically, while I look pretty much the same as I did when we met two years ago. You keep asking me for more and more money, and I have so little to give. I'm moving out, TNR. I'll stay in touch, I may even be back some day. But you know as well as I that the problems of a magazine and a subscriber don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Here's looking at you.

JACQUELINE KAUFMAN
Knoxville, Tennessee

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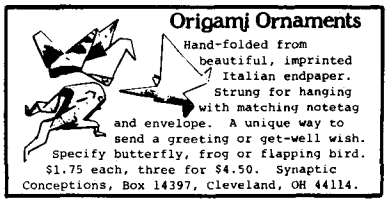
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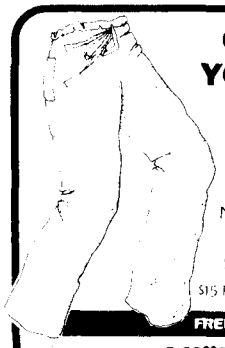

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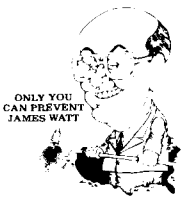

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Wolf Trap and Other Traps

IT'S TIME TO REFUTE the charge that the nation's capital is filled with heartless bureaucrats. In the face of overwhelming horror, citizens and businesses in this very fair city have banded together to offer emotional and financial support. The occasion is the loss to fire of the Filene Center amphitheater at Wolf Trap Farm Park, an outdoor entertainment center in Vienna, Virginia. Wolf Trap was given to the nation in 1966 (and as a federal facility was not insured) by philanthropist Catherine Filene Shouse. A grande dame of Washington, and a vigorous and opinionated benefactress, Kay Shouse is familiar to many as the octogenarian in a long dress who tools around the park's bucolic acres in a golf cart. Wolf Trap is a lovely place, miles from civilization, where many children have taken part in educational programs and where ballet troupes, opera companies, orchestras, and vocalists have performed for those of us in the vicinity who had the means and the good taste to attend. In an exemplary display of the kind of private-sector initiative this Administration applauds, Washington has rallied around Kay Shouse and made a cause of rebuilding the Filene Center. Shouse received consolatory phone calls from President and Mrs. Reagan, former Presidents Carter and Nixon, and dozens of world-famous musicians and performers. Government luminaries have gathered at private parties to initiate fundraisers. Nieman-Marcus, along with many local businesses, has pledged a percentage of its earnings in the coming weeks. Several bookstores have moved the *Wolf Trap Picnic Cookbook* to the front counter and a placard announces that proceeds will go to the rebuilding effort. Radio station WGMS raised $126,000; a three-day television marathon is scheduled. Wrecking Corporation of America underbid its competitors by offering to *pay* $1,001 to clear away the rubble, and plans to sell scraps as mementos and donate the money to the Wolf Trap Foundation. This spirit of giving would be more heartwarming were the cause less marginal. To send dollars to Wolf Trap these days—in a city where unemployment, illiteracy, larceny, poverty, and violent crime are not only prevalent but on the rise—is to distort social priorities to the point of ludicrousness. Charity is a fickle, glory-seeking thing; the hope that private-sector philanthropy will take the place of government funding is delusory. When we select those causes for which we'll flap our lips and write out checks, we prefer goal-oriented and glamorous ones, like refurbishing the White House or rebuilding a beautiful outdoor amphitheater, so that on languorous summer evenings we have a place to loll beneath the stars, sip chablis, and listen to the dulcet tones of a symphony.

OUR PENCHANT for gadgetry, electronic and otherwise, keeps getting stronger. Just as I was getting comfortable talking to phone-answering machines, I read in the *Wall Street Journal* about a new, much more sophisticated telephone recording device. "What's Your Excuse?" is the invention of a Texan named Mason Zelazny. It is a custom-built pay-telephone that offers the caller a selection of about a dozen recorded background sounds. For a dollar, the caller's alibi for being late or not showing can be enhanced by the sounds of a traffic jam, artillery fire, an airport, a service station, or a jailhouse. At $4,750 a booth, "What's Your Excuse?" obviously isn't going to be as popular as PhoneMates, but bars in Los Angeles, Dallas, and Fort Worth have installed them (the booth in Fort Worth reportedly brings in several hundred dollars a week), and soon they'll hit Manhattan. Eavesdroppers have heard everything from gags to banditry; three college students reportedly used the police station tape to coax bail money out of their parents. Zelazny admits, "We're not your mother, and we can't tell you how to use it." Perhaps a few U.S. embassies will install the machines to add credibility to their reports by playing peaceful street sounds or angry mobs and gunfire, depending on what they want the American public to believe at the time.

I USUALLY AVOID the fruits of popular culture, but if you visit Wizzards on 19th Street in downtown D.C.—just a few blocks south of THE NEW REPUBLIC's offices—you'll see my initials in the "High Scores" column on the Atari "Tempest" game screen. After weeks of lunchtime and weekend practice, spent quarters, and scaring away dexterous 15-year-olds, I achieved at last the fireworks that signal a current Top 10 score and allow you to punch in your initials. Video immortality, though, is fleeting, and I'll have to keep plugging away if I want to see my initials in luminescent capitals. Encouragement comes from the arcade managers themselves, who regularly clear the machines and offer prizes for a given week's top score. This ensures that video buffs like "OUI," the mysterious French wunderkind whose initials occupy top spots on machines all over town, won't discourage the steady clink of quarters. (More than a billion dollars in quarters have been fed to Pac-Man alone since it hit the arcades 16 months ago.) For someone who shuns network television and has always scorned arcade games, this new devotion represents a conversion. Is it the colorful, often geometrically intricate designs? Is it the ability to achieve a tangible victory? Is it because scorn is the sentiment of the video klutz, and I've discovered I can zap asteroids with the best of them? I don't fully understand the compulsion myself, but let me grip a Ms. Pac-Man joystick and I'll bruise my knuckles trying to gobble up dots. The way I see it, those who claim videocy is morally degenerate or violence-inspiring are way off base; it's a testing of skills no less worthless than dozens of others, and it's a visual entertainment that's cheaper than movies. Arcades have become respectable. Flippers, also just down the street from our offices, attracts men in three-piece suits and boasts a Lawyers' Day, Accountants' Day, Ladies' Day, and College Students' Day, and people don't slink in and out avoiding eye contact as if they're there for 25-cent peeps. Arcades aren't the only places that have been invaded, either; I've heard the familiar kazoo-like beeps and squeals emanating from sub shops, delis, and stationery stores. This, too, will pass, but in the meantime I'm enjoying the prod video games have given my ingrained snobberies, the subtle metamorphosis of my image of myself.

M. G.

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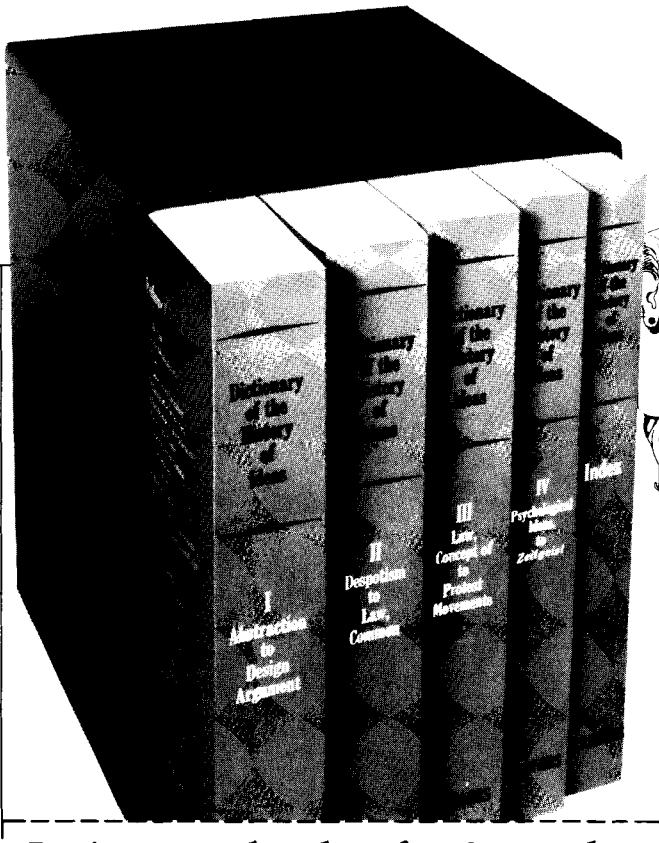

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